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*Emily La Thaur*  
*with*  
*the quibber's love*

no. 31.

BEQUEST OF  
REV. CANON SCADDING, D. D.  
TORONTO, 1861.



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Shakespeare Society - Publications, Vol. 2

# THE MARRIAGE

OF

## Wit and Wisdom,

AN ANCIENT INTERLUDE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE

AND

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.,

HON. M.R.I.A., HON. M.R.S.L., F.S.A., ETC.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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The members of the Shakespeare Society are again indebted to the indefatigable research of the Reverend L. B. Larking, and the discriminating liberality of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., for a most curious addition to our materials for the history of the early English drama. Scarcely a year has elapsed since Mr. Larking discovered the only contemporary manuscript of any of Shakespeare's plays known to be in existence; and the MS. now found is, it will be seen, of a nature equally unexpected and nearly as curious, if not more intrinsically valuable. For such discoveries, all who are in any way interested in the knowledge of our early theatrical history cannot but feel deeply grateful; and there are generally so many difficulties in the way of opening to the world the treasures deposited in the rich archives of our ancient families—difficulties which often arise from necessary and prudential motives, that it is really a subject of congratulation to find that perhaps one of the most important sources for the history of our drama is

shielded by no considerations of the kind. No member of this Society will fail to appreciate the generosity of Sir Edward Dering—

I will most thankful be ; and thanks, to men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

And at the same time that a noble example is given to the owners of literary treasures throughout the country, the discovery of the ancient interlude of the “Contract of a Marriage between Wit and Wisdom” affords a striking lesson to literary antiquaries to pause before they substantiate conjectures and probabilities as matters of fact, and hesitate at assertions respecting the identity or non-existence of MSS. and rare books. We are constantly in the habit of seeing a notice to the effect that such a book or MS. is unique. Time passes, and two or three other copies are exhibited. In fact, no book can be safely so designated, and it is equally dangerous to assert that any particular work never existed, merely because no copy of it happens to be known. We have by no means come to the conclusion of our literary discoveries, which of late years have been too numerous and important, overthrowing theories and correcting errors, not to teach additional caution even to the most scrupulously careful. It must be remembered that publications of an antiquarian character are more peculiarly subject to slight mistakes, and should therefore be visited with some allowance for their liability to error.

So little, indeed, was Mr. Larking's second discovery

anticipated, that the Rev. A. Dyce, speaking of an allusion to the "Marriage of Wit and Wisdom," asserts, "*no such drama ever existed*;"<sup>1</sup> very strong language, and for which so careful an editor as Mr. Dyce ought to have had some warrant. The drama which "never existed" is printed in the following pages, and possibly not for the first time; but no early printed copy has been mentioned by our antiquaries, nor is one known to exist. An anonymous writer in the Society's Papers, vol. ii., p. 76, takes upon himself to confirm Mr. Dyce's assertion, and gives us the additional information that the real source of the mystery was still to be unravelled, that certainly no such piece as the Marriage of Wit and Wisdom ever did exist, but that it was only a "misnomer" for the "Marriage of Wit and *Science*!" Now, letting alone the present discovery, which of course sets the matter at rest, was it likely that the author of the play of "Sir Thomas More" should allude so distinctly and positively to "Wit and *Wisdom*," and make observations suited only to those two characters, if he had really made a "misnomer" for another and a different play, in which, I believe, the character of Wisdom does not appear? This is one of the many instances of the want of sufficient discrimination in antiquarian conjectures—conjectures which

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas More, a Play, p. 56. It is very probable Mr. Dyce concluded that the play of Wit and Wisdom never existed, because the author of Sir Thomas More adapted fragments of Lusty Juventus to suit that title. The true meaning of this, however, may be accounted for on another and much more probable supposition.

not unfrequently prove of incalculable injury to the interests of real science.

In the anonymous play of Sir Thomas More, written probably about the year 1590, "My Lord Cardinal's players" are introduced, exhibiting a play within the play itself, a practice not uncommon formerly, and sanctioned by Shakespeare. When asked what plays were ready for representation, the player replies—

Divers, my lord; *The Cradle of Security*,  
*Hit nail o' th' head, Impatient Poverty*,  
*The Play of Four P's, Dives and Lazarus*,  
*Lusty Juventus*, and *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*.

The title of the last takes More's fancy, and is accordingly selected—

*The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom!* That, my lads!  
 I'll none but that. The theme is very good,  
 And may maintain a liberal argument.

The guests present, when this was to be acted, were the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London. Shortly before the time appointed for the commencement of the play, the Vice, ready dressed, solicits permission to speak with More, when the following dialogue takes place:—

*More.* How now, what's the matter?

*Vice.* We would desire your honour but to stay a little; one of my fellows is but run to Ogles for a long beard for young Wit, and he'll be here presently.

*More.* A long beard for young Wit! Why, man, he may be without a beard till he come to marriage, for Wit goes not all by the hair. When comes Wit in?

*Vice.* In the second scene, next to the Prologue, my lord.

*More.* Why, play on till that scene come, and by that time Wit's beard will be grown, or else the fellow returned with it. And what part playest thou?

*Vice.* Inclination the Vice, my lord.

*More.* Gramercy, now I may take the vice, if I list; and wherefore hast thou that bridle in thy hand?

*Vice.* I must be bridled anon, my lord.

*More.* An thou beest not saddled too, it makes no matter, for then Wit's inclination may gallop so fast, that he will outstrip Wisdom, and fall to folly.

*Vice.* Indeed, so he does to Lady Vanity; but we have no folly in our play.

*More.* Then there's no wit in it, I'll be sworn; folly waits on wit, as the shadow on the body, and where wit is ripest there folly still is readiest. But begin, I prethee: we'll rather allow a beardless Wit, that Wit all beard to have no brain.

The trumpet sounds, and the Prologue enters, saying—

Now, for as much as in these latter days,  
Throughout the whole world in every land,  
Vice doth increase, and virtue decays,  
Iniquity having the upper hand;  
We therefore intend, good gentle audience,  
A pretty short interlude to play at this present,  
Desiring your leave and quiet silence  
To show the same, as it is meet and expedient.  
*It is called the Marriage of Wit and Wisdom,*  
A matter right pithy and pleasant to hear,  
Whereof in brief we will show the whole sum;  
But I must be gone, for Wit doth appear.

It is singular that the play which is now acted by them, instead of being part of the interlude here printed,

should be nothing more than an alteration of *Lusty Juventus*, ingeniously adapted so as to suit the other title. As more than one explanation can be given, I shall content myself with stating the facts as I find them; merely observing that in the list of plays given above, *Lusty Juventus* occurs immediately before *Wit and Wisdom*. Perhaps the latter was old-fashioned and out of date at the time Sir Thomas More was composed. At all events, it is a curious circumstance, and it is possible further investigation may set the author's reasons in their true light. From the quotations given above, we had good grounds for believing that an independent play under the same title had existed in some shape or other before the year 1590. Mr. Larking's discovery proves such expectations to be well founded, and that there is no connexion between "*Wit and Wisdom*" and "*Wit and Science*." Two plays under the latter title are still preserved, one in Mr. Bright's manuscript, the other printed about 1570.

The MS. from which our text is printed is a small quarto volume, containing 32 leaves, measuring  $7\frac{7}{8}$  by 6 inches, and in very bad condition. The state of the MS. has, in some few instances, rendered a satisfactory reading next to impossible, without the assistance of another copy; while the original transcriber was evidently a person of no education, and has blundered most egregiously. The casual observer will detect many errors; even the arrangement of the acts and scenes is inaccurate; but we have thought it better to give a faithful copy of the manuscript, rather than attempt to form a



version agreeable to a modern reader. There are, after all, but few difficulties of any serious moment; and as the interlude is worth a perusal for its own sake, we may perhaps venture to hope it will have a small share of attention as a work of the art in its infancy in this country.

Before twenty years had elapsed from the date of this play, which may almost be called a primitive composition, Shakespeare had given to the world many of those wonderful works that reached the high position of perfect dramatic excellence. So rapid a transition and growth is unexampled in the history of any literature, and we look in vain to account for it from any ordinary causes. It was a time when history was a dry and inaccurate chronicle, and fiction completely puerile. Those two sciences were stationary, while the drama was progressing with such wonderful advances. And it is such reflections that invest with peculiar interest the few relics which immediately preceded the productions of the Avonian poet. Few of them fail to illustrate his plays or his progress in one way or other, and the discovery now made adds one link to the chain. An enthusiastic inquirer might see in this the germ of a character introduced in the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" and the mere possibility is worthy accurate and careful investigation, for in the history of Shakespeare and his plays, the paucity of facts invites conjectural discussion; and however we may deprecate the danger of hasty deductions, and the liability of falling into them sometimes imperceptibly, which the greatest caution

cannot always avoid, there is a charm invested in the subject that renders the pursuit one of the most engaging entertainments in literature.

J. O. H.

February 22nd, 1846.

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**The Interlude**  
of a  
**Contract of Marriage**  
between  
**Wit and Wisdome.**



The Contract<sup>1</sup> of a  
 Marige betweene wit and wisdome  
 very frutefull and mixed full of  
 pleasant mirth as well for  
 the beholders as the  
 readers or hearers:  
 neuer before im  
 printed.

---

The deuision of the partes for six to playe this interlude.

THE PROLOGUE	} For one.	WANTONIS	} For one.
IDELNES		FANCY	
EPILOUGE		DOLLE	
SEUERITIE	} For one.	WITT	} For one.
IRCKSOMNES		SERCH	
SNATCH		INQUISITON	
HONEST RECREAT :			
INDULGENCE	} For one.	GOOD NURTURE	} For one.
WISDOME		CATCH	
MOTHER BEE		LOB	

1579.

<sup>1</sup> This word is nearly obliterated in the original MS., and I am somewhat doubtful of the correctness of the reading here adopted, which is Mr. Larking's ingenious conjecture.





THE MARIAGE  
OF  
WITT AND WISDOME.

---

THE PROLOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

Who markes the common course  
of youthfull wandring wits,  
Shall se the most of them frequent  
where Idlenes still sits ;  
And how the Iricksomnes  
doth murther many a one,  
Before that thay to wisdomes-ward  
the halfe way yet haue gone.  
Excepte good Nurture doe,  
with some seueritie,  
Conduct them to Pernassus mount  
wel fauurt (?) with leuitie.  
But if it hap in fine,  
that Witt the mate be made  
Of Wisdome such a worthy wyfe,  
to followe godly trade ;  
Then shall you see whereon  
Dame Vertue doth depend ;  
Not all the world besides, forsooth,  
so meet a match can mend :

<sup>2</sup> This prologue is written as prose in the original MS.

But els, if Wit should wag,  
 and hap to waue awry,  
 Without, then, any rightfull rule,  
 and reasons good supplie,  
 Then Fancy frames effects,  
 to bring his braine aborde,  
 And shelue his ship in hauens mouth,  
 yere it the seas haue scoured.  
 Whereby you may perceauē  
 that Wisdome<sup>1</sup> \* \* \*  
 That must conforme a youthfull Witt  
 and bring it in good plight.  
 The prooffe the sequell shoves,  
 for I haue done my charge,  
 And to the actors must giue place  
 to sett it forth at large.

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> The MS. is here defaced.

## The First Scene.

---

*Enter SEUERITIE, and his wife, INDULGENCE, and there  
sonne, Wit.*

SEUERITIE.

My sonne, draue neare, giue eare to me,  
And marke the cause aright,  
For which I call the to this place,  
Lett all thy whole delight  
Be still in seruing God aright,  
And trading vertues trace,  
And labour learning for to gett,  
Whilste thou hast time and space.  
I now haue brought the on the way  
The thing for to attaine,  
Which, sonne, if thou mightst hap to hit,  
Wil turne vnto thy gaine :  
Thow knowest how chargiable a thing  
Thy learning is to me ;  
Thou knowest also the care I take  
For to prouide for the ;  
And now since that thyne age drawe on  
To natures riper state,

My purpose is and full intent  
 To find for the a mate,  
 With whome thou mayest dispend the rest  
 Of this thy life to come,  
 And Joye as I thy father haue  
 With this thy mother done.

## INDULGENCE.

Indeed, good husband, that were good,  
 We haue no more but he ;  
 My hart, my thinks,<sup>1</sup> wold be at rest  
 Him matched for to see :  
 But yet, my deare Seueritie,  
 Be headfull for your life,  
 That she be able for to liue,  
 That ye shall take to wyfe.

## SEUERITIE.

Well, as for that I shall for-se,  
 For why I knowe rite well,  
 That she whome I doe meane is rich,  
 And highly doth excell ;  
 Wherefore, sonne Witt, marke well my tale,  
 Dame Wisdome is the wight,  
 Whome you shall laboure to espouse  
 With all your maine and might.  
 And if that she will be your wyfe,  
 Looke what I leaue be hind,  
 You shall possesse it full and whole,  
 According vnto kind :  
 But if you find some worser haunt,  
 And hap. to rune by rote,  
 I promisse the, before these folke,  
 Thoust neuer cost me grote.

<sup>1</sup> Me thinks.

## WITT.

Deare father, for your graue aduice  
Right humble thainks I giue,  
Entending to obay your charge,  
So long as I shall liue ;  
Now if that Witt with Wisdome may  
Be linked fast in loue,  
Then Witt shall think him selfe right blest  
Of God that sits aboue !

## INDULGENCE.

Well said, good Witt, and hold the there,  
I tell the this before,  
Indulgence, when thay married art,  
Hath buttur pence in store.

## SEUERITIE.

Such pampring mothers doe more harme  
Then ere thay can doe good.

## INDULGENCE.

If you had felt the paine we feel,  
You then wold change your mood.

## SEUERITIE.

You showe that you the mother are  
Of this the outward man,  
And not of mine ; for, if you ware,  
You wold be carfull then  
To giue him counsell how to vse  
Him selfe for to aspire  
To Wisdomes frendships and her loue,  
The which we doe desire.

## INDULGENCE.

Alas ! good sir, why harken, Wit,  
 What counsell I can giue ;  
 When as thou comdest to Wisdoms house,  
 Then mayest thou it appreue :  
 Take heade that thou art nete and fine,  
 And go straight bolt vppright,  
 And cast a chearfull looke on her,  
 Smilling at the first sight.  
 And when thou comdest to talke with her,  
 Forgett not for to praise  
 Her house, herselfe, and all her things,  
 And still be glad to please ;  
 Be diligent to doe for her,  
 Be pleasant in her sight,  
 Say as she sayeth, allthought that she  
 Doe say the crowe is white ;  
 And if she haue minde to oght,  
 Allthought it cost red gould,  
 Prouide it for her, and thou mayest be  
 More welcome and more bolde.

## SEUERITIE.

Se ! se ! what counsell you can giue,  
 You shoue your nature plane ;  
 This counsell liketh Wit right well,  
 And maketh him al-to faine.  
 But, sirra, if thou list to thriue,  
 Marke well what I shall say,  
 That Wisdome may become your wife,  
 This is the redy waye :  
 Applie your booke and still beware  
 Of Idlenes, I say,

For he a enemy hath bine  
 To Vertue many a day.  
 Be weare of Iricksomnis, I say,  
 Which is a monstor fell,  
 And neare to lady Wisdomes house  
 Doth alwayes vse to dwell;  
 For he will haue a fling at you,  
 And so will Idlenes,  
 Therefore beware of these to folks,  
 And God will sure you blesse.<sup>1</sup>

## WIT.

As dutie doth requier in me,  
 I thaink you humbly,  
 For these your fatherly precepts,  
 And purpose earnestly  
 For to obserue that you command,  
 And these my foes to watch,  
 Least they perhaps, ere I beware,  
 Me in there snares shuld catch.

## INDULGENCE.

Well, yet before the goest, hold heare  
 My blessing in a cloute,  
 Well fare the mother at a neede,  
 Stand to thy tackling stout.

## WIT.

Mother, I thaink you hartily,  
 And you, father, likewise;  
 And both your blessings heare I craue  
 In this my enterprise.

<sup>1</sup> The top of this page in the MS. is cut off, but there does not seem to be any of the text missing.

BOTHE.

God blese the, Wit, our sonne,  
And send the good successe.

WIT.

I thank you both, and pray to God  
To send to you no lesse !

[*Exeunt* SEUERITIE and INDULGENCE.

WIT.

God grant this my purpose may  
Come vnto good effect ;  
Well now I must aboute this geare,<sup>1</sup>  
I must it not forgett.

[*Exit.*

### **The Second Scene.**

*Enter* IDLENES, *the vice.*

A ! sirra, my masters,  
How fare you at this blessed day ?  
What, I wen, all this compony  
Are come to se a play !  
What lackest the, good fellow,  
Didest the nere se man before ?  
Here is a gasing ! I am the best man in the compony,  
When there is no more.  
As for my properties I am sure  
You knowe them of old :  
I can eate tell, I sweate and worke  
Tell I am a-cold.

<sup>1</sup> This line is crossed through in the original MS.



I am allwayes troubled with the litherlurden,  
 I loue so to liger;<sup>1</sup>  
 I am so lasy, the mosse groweth an  
 Inch thick on the top of my finger!  
 But if you list to knowe my name,  
 I wis I am to well knowen to some men;  
 My name is Idlenes, the flower  
 Of the frying-pan!  
 My mother had ij. whelps at one litter,  
 Both borne in Lent;  
 So we ware both put into a mussellbote,  
 And came saling in a sowes yeare ouer sea into Kent.  
 My brother, Ercsomnis, and I, catch the doge,  
 Being disposed to make mery,  
 We gott vs both doune to Harlowe-bery.<sup>2</sup>  
 But what is that to the purpose  
 Perhapes you wold knowe:  
 Giue me leaue but a littell,  
 And I will you showe.  
 My name is Idelnes, as I tould you before,  
 And my mother Ignorance sent me hether;  
 I pray the, sirra, what more?  
 Marry, my masters, she sent me the  
 Counterfait crainke for to play,  
 And to leade Witt, Seuerities sone, out  
 of the waye;  
 He should mock a marrige with Wisdome,  
 In all hast, as thay talke;  
 But stay thare awhile, soft fier makes swet malt:  
 I must be firme to bring him out of his  
 Broune stodie, on this fashion,

<sup>1</sup> So in MS. for *linger*.

<sup>2</sup> The metrical arrangement in the MS. is most irregular, and I have here left it as it is found in the original.

I will turne my name from Idlenes  
 To Honest Recreation ;  
 And then I will bring him to be Mistris  
 Wantonnes man,  
 And afaith, then, he is in for a berd, get  
 out how he can !  
 But soft, yet my masters, who is with in ?  
 Open the dore and pull out the pine.

WANTONES *entreth, and sayeth.*

What, Dol, I say, open the dore !  
 Who is in the streate ?  
 What, Mr Idlenes ! lay a straw vnder  
 your feete.  
 I pray you, and me may aske you,  
 what wind brought you hether.

IDELNES.

A littell wind, I warrent you ;  
 I am as lite as any fether !  
 But harke the.

WANTONIS.

What, it is not so : will he come indeade ?

IDELNES.

Nay, if I say the word, thou mayest beleue  
 as thy creed :  
 But when he comes, you must be curtious,  
 I tell you,  
 And you shall find him as gentell as a  
 fauleon,  
 Euery fooles fellowe.  
 What, me thinkes you are with child !

## WANTONNES.

Nay, my belly doth swell with eating  
of egges.

## IDLENES.

Nay, by S. Anne, I am afraid it is a  
timpany with two legges !  
Away, get the in !

[*Exit.*

*Enter* WIT.

My father he hath charged me  
The thing to take in hand,  
Which seames to me to be so hard,  
It cannot well be scand ;  
For I haue toyled in my booke,  
Where Wisdome much is prayسد,  
But she is so hard to find,  
That I am nothing eased ;  
I wold I had bin set to blowe,  
or to some other trade,  
And then I might some leasure find,  
And better shift haue made ;  
But nowe I swinke and sweate in vaine,  
My labour hath no end,  
And moping in my study still,  
My youthfull yeares I spend.  
Wold God that I might hap to hit  
Vpon some good resort,  
Some pleasant pastime for to find,  
And vse some better sporte.

## IDLENES.

Mary, no better, I am euen as fitt  
For that purpose as a rope for a theefe ;

And you will be lusty, cry hay !  
 Amongst knaues I am the cheefe !

WITT.

What, good fellow, art thou ? what is thy name ?

IDLENES.

In faith I am *Ipsè*, he euen the  
 very same !  
 A man of greate estimation  
 in mine owne cuntry ;  
 I was neuer stained but once,  
 faling out of my mothers pluntre.

WIT.

Thou art a mery fellowe and wise,  
 And if thou kepe thy selfe warme.

IDLENES.

In faith, I haue a mother, Wit,  
 But I think no harme.

WIT.

I pray the, what is thy name ?  
 To me it declare.

IDLENES.

Nay, I am no nigard of my name,  
 For that I will not spare.  
 Ha ! by the masse, I could haue told  
 You euen now,  
 What a short brained villain am I,  
 I am as wise as my mothers sowe !  
 I pray you, sur, what is my name ?  
 Cannot you tell ?

Is there any here that knowes where  
My godfather doth dwell?  
Gentellmen, if you will tarry while I  
goe luck,  
I am sure my name is in the church booke.

WIT.

I prethy, come of, and tell me thy name  
with redynis.

IDLENES.

Faith, if you will neades knowe, my name  
is Idelnes.

WIT.

Mary, fie one the, knaue ! I mene not  
thy compony.

IDLENES.

What, because I spoke in iest, will  
you take it so angerly?  
For my name is Honest Recreation,  
I let you well to witt,  
There is not in all the world  
A companion for you more fitt.

WIT.

And if thy name be Honest Recreation,  
Thou art as welcome as any in this laund.

IDLENES.

Yea, mary is it !

WIT.

Why, then, giue me thy hand.

✓  
IDLENES.

In faith, I thaink you. You are come  
of a gentell birth,  
And therefore I will bring you acquainted  
With a gentellwoman called Modest Mirth.

WIT.

Yea, mary, with all my hart, and God haue mercy.

IDLENES.

Why then, come away, come ! lett vs goe.  
How God be heare !

WANTONIS.

What, master Honest Recreation, I pray  
you drawe neare.

IDLENES.

Nay, I pray you come hether ; come, I  
pray ye.

WANTONIS.

I come.

IDLENES.

Nay, but in any wise hide your belly.

WANTONIS.

It is a childe of your getting.

IDLENES.

I, it hath fathers at large ; but here comes in Witt,  
that is like to bere all the charge.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I may mention once for all that I do not undertake to alter  
in every case the arrangement of the MS. This is verse written

Gentellman, here is the gentellewoman.  
 Kisse her, I say, I am a horson els !  
 If I had know[n]e you wold not a kist her,  
 I wold haue kist her myselfe.

## WIT.

Gentellwoman, this shalbe to desier you of more acquaintance.

## WANTONNOS.

Sir, a ought i may pleasuer you i will giue atendence ;  
 to haue maney suters my lot dooth befall, but yet me  
 think i lyk you best of all.

## IDLENES.

Yea, she might haue had maney men of knauery and  
 of stellth.

## WONTANES.

What saist thou ?

## IDLNES.

Mary, you might haue had many men of brauery and  
 wellth ; but yet me thinkes ther canot be a mach mor fit  
 then between Mistres Modst Mirth and you, Master  
 Wite.

## WONTONES.

That is well sayed.

## IDLNES.

Yea, and that will be a redy carage to the rop.

as prose, and it is sometimes advisable to preserve somewhat of the  
 character of the original in such matters.

WONTANES.

What sayest thou ?

IDELNIS.

That will be a spety marige, i hope.<sup>1</sup>

WONTONES.

By my troth, I am so wery, I moust nedes sit down ;  
my legges will not houlld mee.

WITT.

Thin will I sit downe by you, if I may be so bould.

IDLENIS.

Heare is loue, sir reuerence, this geare  
is euen fitt ;  
Oh ! here is a hed hath a counting house  
full of witt !

WIT.

I am sure you are cuning in musick, and therefore, if  
you please, sing vs a songe.

WANTINIS.

That will I, if it were for your ease.

*Here shall Wantonis sing this song to the tune of " Attend  
the goe playe the ;" and hauing sung him a sleepe vpon her  
lappe, let him snort ; then let her set a fooles bable on his  
hed, and colling his face : and Idlenis shall steale away his  
purse from him, and goe his wayes.*

<sup>1</sup> This part of the MS. appears to be written in another and more illiterate hand.



## THE SONG.

Lye still, and heare nest the,  
Good Witt, lye and rest the,  
And in my lap take thou thy sleepe;  
Since Idlenis brought the,  
And now I have caught the,  
I charge the let care away creepe.  
So now that he sleepes full soundly,  
Now purpose I roundly,  
Trick this prety doddy,  
And make him a noddie,  
And make him a noddie !

Since he was vnstable,  
He now wares a bable,  
Since Idlenis led him away;  
And now of a scollar  
I will make him a colliar,  
Since Wantonis beareth the swaye:  
Well, now I haue him chaunged,  
I neades must be rainging;  
I now must goe pack me,  
For my gossops will lack me,  
For my, &c.

*Enter GOOD NURTURE, speaking this.*

I meruell where my schollard Wit  
Is now of late become?  
I feare least with il compony  
He happen for to rune;  
For I, Good Nurture, commonly  
Among all men am counted,

But Witt, by this his straing so,  
 I feare hath me renounced.  
 Seueritie, his father, sure  
 Is graue and wise withall,  
 But yet his mother's pampring  
 Will bring his sonne to thrall.

*Here he stayeth stumbling at Wit as he lyeth  
 a sleep.*

Why, how now ! how, what wight is this  
 On home we now haue hit ?  
 Softe, let me se : this same is he,  
 Ye, truly, this is Wit !

*Here he awaketh him.*

What, Wit, I say, arise for shame !  
 O, God ! where hast thou bin ?  
 The compony made the a foole  
 That thou of late wast in.

*Here he riseth, rubbing his eyes, and saying,*

O, arrant strumpet that she was that ran  
 me in this case !

#### GOOD NURTURE.

Nay, rather thou art much to blame  
 To be with such in place.

*Here he washeth his face and taketh  
 of the bable.*

Come on, I say, amend this geere,  
 Beware of all temptation ;  
 Your wearinis for to reffrish,  
 Take Honest Recreation.

*He deliuereth him Honest Recreation.*

WIT.

I thank you, Mr. Nurture, much for this  
your gentelnis,  
And will doe your commandiments henceforth  
with willingnis.

GOOD NURTURE.

God grant you may ; and, sirra,  
you awaight vpon him still. [*Exit.*

WITT.

I thank you, sir, with all my hart,  
For this your greate good will ;  
One journi more I meane to make,  
I think I was acurst !  
God grant the second time may be  
More happy then the first !  
[*Thay both goe out.*

### **Tertia Sena.**

*Enter IDLENIS.*

Ah ! sirra ! it is an old prouerb and a true,  
I sware by the roode !  
It is an il wind that bloues no man to good.  
When I had brought Wit  
Into Wantonnis hampering,  
Then thought I it was time for me  
To be tempering.  
The cook is not so sone gone

As the doges hed is in the porigpot ;  
 Wit was not so sone asleepe,  
 But my hand was in his hose.  
 Wantonis is a drab !  
 For the nonce she is an old rig ;  
 But as for me, my fingers are as good as  
     a liue twig.  
 Now am I nue araid like a phesitien ;  
 Now doe I not pas,  
 I am as reddy to cog with Mr. Wit as euer I was ;  
 I am as very a turncote as the wetherecoke of Poles ;  
 For now I will calle my name Due  
 Disporte, fit for all soules, ye.  
 So, so, findly I can turne the catt in the pane.  
 Now shall you heare how findly Master Doctor  
 Can play the outlandish man.  
 Ah ! by Got, me be the Doctor,  
 Me am the fine knaue, I tell ye,  
 And haue the good medicine for the maidens belly :  
 Me haue the excellent medicine  
 For the blaines and blister.  
 Ah ! me am the knaue  
 To giue the faire maid the glister !  
 How like you this, my masters ?  
 The bee haue no so many herbes  
 Whereout to suck hony,  
 As I can find shifts whereby to get mony.

*Enter SNACH and CATCH.*

IDLENIS.

But, soft, awhile, my masters,	} <i>lay doune the purse in a cornor.</i>
Who haue we heare ?	
These be crafty knaues,	
And therefore lie thou there !	

*The song that SNACH and CATCH  
singeth together.*

I hath bin told, ben told, in prouerbs old,  
That souldiares suffer both hunger and cold,  
That souldiares suffer both hunger and cold ;  
And this sing we, and this sing we,  
We liue by spoyle, by spoyle, we moyle and toyle ;  
Thus Snach and Catch doth keepe a coyle !  
And thus liue we, and thus liue we,  
By snatchin a <sup>1</sup> catchin thus liue we.

We come from sea, from sea, from many a fray,  
To pilling and poling euery day,  
To pilling and poling euery day :  
And thus skipe we, and thus skipe we,  
And ouer the hatches thus skipe we !

CATCH.

Hey liuely, by the gutes of a crab-louse, Snach,  
This is an excellent sporte ;  
Now we are come from Flushin to the English port,  
There shall not a fat pouch  
Come nodding by the way,  
But Snach and Catch will desier him to stay.

SNATCH.

Yea, by the hedges hed, Catch,  
Now we will lick the spickets ;  
But, by the masse, my hose be full  
Of Spanish crickets !  
Sirra, dost thou not knowe Idlenis,  
That counterfait knaue ?

<sup>1</sup> So in MS. for *and*.

CATCH.

Ye, by St. Jane, I knowe him well for a knaue.  
He hath his purse full of mony,  
If we cold him gett.

SNATCH.

Where had he it?

CATCH.

I tell the, Snatch, he stole it from Witt.

SNATCH.

Who told the so? declare it with redinis.

CATCH.

By the braines of a black pudding,  
'Tis such a knaue thou hast not hurde:  
It was told me of Wantonis. *Here thay espie him.*

IDLENIS.

Ah, that drabe, she can cackel like a cadowe;  
I pray you behold, my masters,  
A man may shape none by ther shadowe.

SNACH.

O, wonderfull! I wold he ware burst.

CATCH.

Nay, I pray the lett me spake first.  
Master Idlenis, I am glad to se you mery, hartly.

IDLNIS.

In faith, I thaink you.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word *hartly* was here inserted, but has been erased, apparently by the original transcriber.

But I had rather haue your rome as your  
componie.

SNATCH.

Master Idlenis, how haue you done  
in a long time?

IDLENIS.

Come, come, an hand of you to pick a purse of mine.

CATCH.

Nay, sir, I hope you trust vs better ;  
I must neades borrow your ring to seale a  
letter.

IDLENIS.

By my leaue, in spite of my teath ;  
God a mercy horse !  
This is that must neades be,  
Quoth the good man, whenn he made his wyfe  
Pine the baskit. Patiences, perforce.  
Well, my masters, if you will goe with me,  
I will carry you to and old wyfe that  
Makes pudings . . . . . :<sup>1</sup> hold your nose thare ;  
And if you will, you may haue ledges of  
Mutton stufte with heare.

CATCH.

This is a craftie fox, but, by a herring toke :  
I haue a good nose to be a pore mans sowe,  
I can smell an appell seuen mill in a haye mowe.  
*Vbi animus ibi oculus*, where he loues there  
he lookes.

<sup>1</sup> Three words are here omitted, *causa pudoris*.

Hey liuely, these will helpe to bring me  
out of John Tapsters bookes.

*Now he shall find the purse.*

*Heere after thay haue scrambled for the mony, they shall  
spet in the purse and giue it him againe.*

SNACH.

Hold heare ! thou shalt not lease all ; thy purse shall  
not come home weeping for lose ; and as for the, thou  
shalt be commist to Dawes crosse.

IDLENIS.

Euell gotten worse spent :  
By thift this mony came ;  
I got it with the deuell,  
And now it is gone with his name !

CATCH.

But, sirra, if we let him escape,  
Perhaps we may haue a checke ;  
If we should chance to looke through an hemp  
Windowe, and our arse brake our necke.

SNATCH.

Why, we will pull him vp by a rope  
To the tope of the house,  
And then lett him fall.

CATCH.

Nay, then, I knowe a better way ;  
We will rune his arse against the wall !

SNATCH.

Nay, by the mase, I haue a deuise much  
more mete ;



Where I lay last night, I stole away a sheete :  
 We will take this and tie it to his hed,  
 And see we will blind him;  
 And, sirra, I charge you, when you here  
     any body comming,  
 If they aske you any question, say you goe  
     a-mumming.

*Here they turne him aboute, and bind his hands behinde  
 him, and tye the sheet aboute his face.*

IDLENIS.

A-mumming, quoth you ; why, there can be nothing  
 worse then for a man to goe a-mumminge when he hath  
 no mony in his purse.

CATCH.

Well, yet we charge you to doe on this fashion.

SNATCH.

Farewell, Mr. Idlenis, and remember  
     your lesson.

*Here thay rune one to one cornor of the stage, and the  
 other to the other, and spake like cuntrymen, to begild  
 him.*

IDELNIS.

A, sirra, in faith this geer cottons :  
 I go still a mumming ;  
 Euen poore I, all alone, without ether pipe  
     or druming.

SNATCH.

Good day, neighbour, good day !  
 Tis a faire graye morning, God be blessed !

## CATCH.

I, be Gis, twold be trim wether,  
 And if it were not for this mist :  
 What, those fellowes be all day at brakfast ;  
 I win thay make feasts :  
 What, Jack, I say, I must hange you  
 Before you will serue the beasts :  
 How now, Gods daggers ! death ! whoe  
 haue we heare?

## IDLENIS.

O, for the passion of God, lose me ! False knaues  
 haue robd me of all the mony I got this yeere.

*[Here thay beate him.]*

## SNATCH.

Yea, ye rascall, is the matter so plane ?  
 Come, come, we must teach  
 him his lesson againe.

## CATCH.

Sirra, now you haue learned a trick  
 for your cumminge :  
 When anybody comith, say you goe a-muminge.  
*[Exit SNATCH : CAT.]*

## IDLENIS.

A-muminge, quoth you : why, this geer  
 will not settell ;  
 Ether I rose on my lift side to day, or I  
 pist on a nettell.  
 Here is nuse, [quoth] the fox, when he lett a farte  
 in the morninge ;  
 If Wantonis knew this, she will neuer lin  
 scorninge ;

This same is kind cuckolds luck :  
 These fellowes haue giuen me a drie pluck ;  
 Now I haue neuer a crose to blesse me.

Now I goe a-mumming,  
 Like a poore pennilesse spirit,  
 Without pipe or druming !

*Enter WIT, and HONIST RECREATION awaiting on him.*

WITT.

Fye, fye, what kind of life is this ?  
 to laboure all in vaine,  
 To toil to gett the thing the which  
 my witt cannot attaine.  
 The journie semith wondrous long,  
 the which I haue to make,  
 To teare myselfe and beate my braines,  
 And all for Wisdomes sake !  
 And it, God <sup>1</sup> knowes what may befall,  
 And what luck God will send,  
 If she will loue me when I come  
 At this my journeyes end.  
 This Honest Recreation delites me not at all ;  
 For, when I spend the time with him,  
 I bring myselfe in thrall !  
*[Here he steppeth back, haveng espied IDLENIS.*  
 But softe, what haue we heare ?  
 Some gost or dedly sperrit,  
 That comes our journey for to stay,  
 And vs for to affrite.

IDLENIS.

Yea, by the mas, what, are ye comming ?

<sup>1</sup> An s is wrongly inserted here by the transcriber.

In faith, I am a penillesse spirit ;  
I goe still a-mumming.

WIT.

I conjure the to tell me what art thou, a man, a monster, a spirit, or what woldest thou haue ?

IDLENIS.

I am neither man, monster, nor spirit, but a pore, peniles knaue !

WITT.

Wherefore is thy comminge ?

IDLENIS.

Marry, to goe a-mumming.

WIT.

Yea, but what art thou ?  
May not that be knowen ?

IDLENIS.

Why, what am I but a knaue,  
When all my mony is gone ?

WIT.

Come, tell me thy name :  
I pray the haue done.

IDLENIS.

A good honest knaues :  
Haue ye forgot so sone ?

WIT.

Why, but will ye not tell me  
How thou camest thus drest !

IDLENIS.

In faith, gentell theaues,  
You yourselues knowes best.

WIT.

Doe I? why, thou dost not know me;  
The whorson patch!

IDLENIS.

Yes, I knowe it is ether  
Snatch or Catch.  
But in faith, gentell theaues,  
I goe still a-muming,  
Although it be ether  
Without pipe or druminge.

*Here shall WIT pul of the sheet, saying,*

WIT.

How sayest thou now?  
Canst thou not see?  
I pray the tell me,  
Dost thou know me?

IDLENIS.

O, the body of a Gorge,  
I wold I had them heare;  
In faith, I wold chope them,  
Thay ware not so hack this seuen yeer!  
Why, I am so could,  
That my teeth chater in my hed!  
I haue stood here iij. dayes and iij. nights,  
Without ether meate or bread.

WIT.

I pray the, what is thy name,  
And whether dost thou resorte ?

IDLENIS.

Forsoth, for fault of a better,  
Is Due Disporte.

WIT.

Didst not the call thyselfe  
Honist Recreation, which deceued me onces.

IDLENIS.

Why, I am a phesition. If it were I,  
a knaue shake my bones !  
I am a greate trauelir.  
I lite on the dunghill like a puttock !  
Nay, take me with a lye,  
And cut out the brane of my buttock.

WIT.

If thy name be Due Disporte,  
I wold be acquainted with the ;  
For in sporte I delight.

IDLENIS.

Not vnder a cuppel of capons,  
And thay must be white.  
But if you will be acquainted  
With me, as you say,  
Then must you send this companion away ;  
For you and I must walke alone.

WIT.

Why, then, sirra, away, gett you gan.

[Exit HONIST RECREATION.]

IDLENIS.

So now, come on with me  
To a frends house of mine,  
That there we may to some sport.

WIT.

Com on, then.

*Here IDLENIS hauing brought him to the den of IRCK-  
SOMNES, shall leape away, and IRCKSOMNES enter like a  
monstor, and shall beat doune WIT with his cloub,  
saying,*

IRCKSOMNIS.

What wite is that  
Which comes so nere his pane? *Here thay fite.*  
*WIT falls doune.*

WIT.

Alas, alas, now am I stund!

IRCKSOMNIS.

Nay, nay, no force ! thou mightest  
a further stood ;  
If thou hadest scape  
Safe by any dene,  
Thy luck ware to-to goo. [Exit.

IRCKSOMNIS *leaueth him dead on the stage.**Enter WISDOME and sayeth,*

Of late abroad I harde report  
That Wit makes many vowes,

The lady Wisdome if he may  
 To wyfe for to espouse ;  
 But it I feare both Idelnis and Ireksomnis will sonder.  
 Soft, this same is Wit, that lieth bleading yonder.

*Heere she helpeth him vp.*

What, Wit, be of good cheare,  
 And now I will sustaine the.

WIT.

O, Lady Wisdome, so I wold,  
 But Ireksomnis hath slaien me.

WISDOME.

Well, yet arise, and doe as I shall tell,  
 And then, I warrant the,  
 Thou shalt doe well.

WIT.

I thinke you much : and though that I  
 Am very much agreaued,  
 Yet, sence your coming, sure my thinks  
 I am right well releued :  
 You shoue your courtesie herein,  
 Wherein I partly gesse  
 That you doe knowe the cause right well  
 Of this my deepe distresse.  
 My father bad me labour still  
 Your fauore to obtaine ;  
 But it before I could you see,  
 Full greate hath bin my paine.  
 First Idlenis he brought me wo,  
 Then Wantonis stept in,  
 And, last of all, foule Ireksomnis  
 His parte he doth begin.



## WISDOME.

I thinke right well ; for many a one  
     Hath come to sore decaye,  
 When as it hapt that Ireksomnis  
     Hath met them in the way.  
 For I, poore Wisdome, here am plaste  
     Among these craggie clifts,  
 And he that seekes to win my loue  
     Must venter many shifts ;  
 But it I beare the greate good will,  
     And here I promise the,  
 If thou canst Ireksomnis destroy,<sup>1</sup>  
     Thy lady I will be ;  
 And to the end that may be done,  
     Which I might well aford,  
 Hold heere Perseuerance, I say,  
     A good and lucky sword ;  
 And call for Ireksomnis,  
     And lett him feale thy force :  
 Be stoute, for if he ouercome,  
     He will haue no remorse !

## WIT.

My maddam deare, behold the wight,  
     Which feares not, for thy loue,  
 To fight with men and monstors both,  
     As straight I shall it proue.

## WISDOME.

Well, doe so then ;  
 The whiles I will depart.

<sup>1</sup> *Estroy* in the MS.

WIT.

I thank you, lady Wisdome, much ;  
Farewell, with all my hart.

[*Exit* WISDOME.]

WIT *calleth forth* IRCKSOMNIS.

Well, once more haue at Ircksomnis.

Com forth, thou monstor fell !

I hope yet now the second time  
Thy pride and force to quel.

*Enter* IRCKSOMNIS, *saiing*,

What ! who is that that cales me forth ?

What, art thou yet aliuē ?

If that I catch the once againe,  
Thou shalt no more reuiue !

WIT.

Leaue of thy brages, and doe thy worst ;  
Thy words may not preuaile at first.

*Here thay fight a while, and IRCKSOMNIS must run in adores, and WIT shall followe, taking his visor of his hed, and shall bring it in vpon his sworde, saiing,*

The Lord be thanked for his grace,

This monster is subduid,

And I, which erst was worne with wo,

Am now with ioy renued !

Well, now before that I vnto

Dame Wisdomes house repare,

I will vnto my father go,

These newes for to declare.

[*Exit.*

**The Second Act. The iiii. Scena.**

*Enter IDLENIS, halting with a stilt, and shall cary a cloth  
vpon a stafe, like a rat-catcher, and say,*

Haue you any rats or mise, polecats or weasels ?  
Or is there any old sowes sick of the measels ?  
I can destroy fulmers and catch moles ;  
I haue ratsbaine, maidens,  
To spoil all the vermine that run in your holes.  
A ratcatcher, quoth you,  
This is a strainge occupation ;  
But euery where for Idlenis  
They make proclymation ;  
They say he shalbe hanged for cousining of Wit :  
But there is a towne cald Hopshort ;  
They haue me not yet !  
I can goe hard by there noses and neuer  
    be knowne,  
Like a ratcatcher, tell Serch be gone.

*Here he espieth SEARCH coming in, and goeth vp and  
doun, saying, "haue you any rats and mise?" as in  
the first fve lines.*

SEARCH.

Here is a moyling : they would haue a man  
    Doe more then he is able :  
One were better to be hanged,  
    Then to be a constable !  
I haue searched for a knaue called Idlenis,  
    But I canot find him for all my businis :  
The knaue the saye haue cousind Wit,  
    And shord him on the shelf.

IDLENIS.

Yea, if you take not heade,  
He will goe nie to cousin yourselfe.

SEARCH.

What, dost the knowe him, good fellow ?  
I pray the now tell.

IDLENIS.

Doe I knowe ? why, I tell the  
I haue ratsbane to sell.

SEARCH.

Ratsbaine ! tut a pointe !  
Dost thou know Idlenis ? tell me.

IDLENIS.

Why, I tell the I knowe him  
As well as he knowes me :  
I ween he be a talle man,  
And I trowe he strutes.  
And he be not a knaue, I wold he had  
A pound of ratsbaine in his guts.

SEARCH.

Yea, but wheare is he ? canst thou tell ?

IDLENIS.

No, faith, not well.

SEARCH.

Yea, but my thinks thou art lame.

## IDLENIS.

Yea, you may see such luck  
 Haue thay which vse game.  
 I haue bin at St. Quintins,  
 Where I was twise kild ;  
 I haue bin at Musselborow,  
 At the Scottish feeld ;  
 I haue bin in the land of greene ginger,  
     And many a wheare,  
 Where I haue bin shot through  
     Both the buttocks,  
 And an hargubushere :  
     But now I am old,  
 And haue nought myselfe to defend,  
 And am faine to be a ratcatcher  
     to mine end !

*Heere shall SEARCH take out a peece of paper and looke  
 on it.*

## SEARCH.

What shall I giue the  
 To crie a proclamation ?

## IDLENIS.

For halfe a score pots of beare,  
 I will crie it after the best fashion.

*Here shall SEARCH reach a chare, and IDLENIS shall goe  
 vp and make the proclamation.*

## SEARCH.

Come, gett vp heare ; you must  
 say as I say.

IDLENIS.

How, and you say I am a knaue,  
Then must I needs say nay.

SEARCH.

First, crie *oyes* a good while.

IDLENIS.

Very well.

[*He cries to long.*]

SEARCH.

Inought ! inought ! what, hast  
thou neuer done ?

IDLENIS.

What, didst not the bed me crie long ?  
I haue not scarce begune !

SEARCH.

Goe to ; crie shorter, with a vengeance.

IDLENIS.

Oyes ! oyes ! oyes ! oyes !

[*very often.*]

SEARCH.

What, I think thou art mad !

IDLENIS.

Why, would you not haue me doe  
as you bad ?

SEARCH.

Why, canst thou keepe no meane ?

IDLENIS.

Oyes ! *[Here he shall crie well.*

SEARCH.

That is uery well said.

IDLENIS.

That is uery well said !

SEARCH.

What, I wine thou bist drunck to day !

IDLENIS.

Why, did you not bid me say as you  
did say?

SEARCH.

Come, say "one the kings most royall maiestie."

IDLENIS.

John King gaue a royall to lye with  
Margery.

SEARCH.

Why, what said I ?

IDLENIS.

Why, so.

SEARCH.

I say "the Kings most Royall magistie."

IDLENIS.

The Kings most Royall magistie !

SEARCH.

“Dooth charge you, all his true people.”

IDLENIS.

What, it is not so.

SEARCH.

What?

IDLENIS.

Why, you say there was a barge flew ouer a steeple!

SEARCH.

I say, “doth charge all his true people.”

IDLENIS.

O, doth charge all his true people;  
that is another matter.

SEARCH.

That they watch elsewhere,  
And see in the towne.

IDLENIS.

That euery patch that a man weares  
On his knee shall cost a crowne.

SEARCH.

Why, what meanes that?  
I spake no such word:  
“That thay watch elsewhere,  
And se in each towne.”

IDLENIS.

That they watch, &c.



SEARCH.

If that Idlenis by any meance  
they can find.

IDLENIS.

No, mary, you say not true.

SEARCH.

What is that?

IDLENIS.

It is not for Idlenis that men  
sowe beanes in the wind.

SEARCH.

If that Idlenis by any meance  
They can find.

*Pul him downe.*

IDLENIS.

If that Idlenis, &c.

SEARCH.

Come downe, with a pestilence !  
A morin rid the !

IDLENIS.

Here is good thainks, my masters.  
Come, giue me my fee.

SEARCH.

Come, giue me vj. pence,  
And I will giue the viij. pence.

*Now shall SEARCH rune away with his mony, and he shall  
cast away his stilt, and run after him.*

*The Fitte Scena.**Enter FANCIE.*

Like as the rowling stone we se  
 Doth neuer gather mosse,  
 And gold, with other metels mixt,  
 Must neades be full of drose ;  
 So likewise I, which commonly  
 Dame Fancy haue to name,  
 Amongest the wise am huted <sup>1</sup> much,  
 And suffer mickle blame,  
 Because that, wauing heare and there,  
 I neuer stidfast stand,  
 Whereby the depth of learnings lore  
 I cannot vnderstand ;  
 But Wit perhaps will me imbrace,  
 As I will vse the matter ;  
 For whie, I meane to counterfait,  
 And smothly for to flatter,  
 And say I am a messinger  
 From Lady Wisdome sent,  
 To se if that wil be a meane  
 To bring him to my bent.  
 But se where he doth come.

*Enter WIT.*

WIT.

Like as the silly mariner,<sup>2</sup>  
 Amidst the wauing <sup>3</sup> sea,  
 Doth clime the top of mightie mast,  
 Full oft both night and day ;

<sup>1</sup> So in MS. for *hated*.<sup>2</sup> *Manner* in MS.<sup>3</sup> *Waing*, MS.

But yet at last, when happily  
He come from ship to shore,  
He seakes to saile againe as fresh  
As erst he did before ;  
So likewise I, which haue escape  
The brunts which I haue done,  
Am euen as fresh to venter now,  
As when I first begane ;  
A nue aduenture this I seek,  
Not hauing rune my race.  
But who is this whome I behold  
For to appeere in place ?

FANCY.

God saue you, gentell Mr. Wit,  
And send you good successe !

WIT.

Faire Daine, I thinke you hartly,  
And wish in you no lesse.  
What, may one be bolde to aske  
Your name without offence ?

FANCY.

Yea, sir, with good will that you may,  
And eke my whole pretence :  
My name is Fancy, and the cause  
Of this my coning now  
From lady Wisdome, is to shoue  
A message vnto you.

WIT.

Then are ye welcome vnto me,  
For Lady Wisdomes sake.

FANCY.

Here is the letter which she bad  
Me vnto you to take.

*Here he receueth the letter, and readeth it to hisselfe.*

WIT.

My ladyes will herein is this,  
That you should goe with me  
Vnto a place with her to meate,  
As here she doth decree.

FANCY.

Euen so, good sir, euen when you will  
I doe the same alowe ;  
Goe you before in at the dore,  
And I will follow you.

*Here WIT going in, one shall pull him by the arme,  
whereupon he shall cry on this manner.*

WIT.

Alas, I am betrayed !  
This sight makes me agast !

FANCY.

Nay, nay, no force, sir,  
I charge you him fast :  
Now, Wit, if that thou list  
To match thyselfe with me,  
Thou shalt be free as ere thou wast,  
And now released be.

WIT.

Alas, I am not so ;  
Dame Wisdome hath my hart.

FANCY.

Then shalt thou lye there still,  
 I-wis vntell thou fealst the smart.

[*Eæeunt.*]**The Sixth Scena.***Enter* IDLENIS.

This is a world to se how fortune chaungeth,  
 This shalbe his luck which like me rangeth,  
     and raingeth ;  
 For the honour of Artrebradle,  
 This age wold make me swere madly !  
 Giue me one peny or a halfepeny,  
 For a poore man that hath had  
     great losse by sea,  
 And is in great misery.  
 God saue my good master, and my good dame,  
     And all the householder !  
 I pray you bestowe your almes of a poore man  
     Nye starued with colde.  
 Now I am a bould begger,  
     I tell you, the stowtest of all my kin,  
 For if nobody will come out,  
     I will be so bolde to goe in !  
 Byrlady, here is nobody within,  
     But the cat by the fier side :  
 I must neads go in ; whatsoeuer  
     Come of it, I cannot abide.

*He goeth on, and bringeth out the porridge pot about his neck.*

A ! sirra, my masters, how saist thou, Hodge ?  
 What, art thou hungrie ? wilt thou eat my podge ?  
 Now I prouide for a deare yeare,  
 This wilbe good in Lent ;  
 Well faire a good messe of pottage,  
 When the herrings be spent.  
 A begger, quoth you, this yeare begins to fadge.  
 If euer I be a gentellman,  
 The pottage bot shalbe my badge !  
 Now I am in that takin, I dare not  
     showe my hed ;  
 And al be cossoning of Wit,  
 I am faine to beg my bred !  
 Well, my masters, fare you well,  
 I may perhaps haue a chek,  
 If the good wyfe come forth,  
 And take the pottage pot aboute my neck.

### **The Seventh Skena.**

*Enter DOLL and LOB.*

DOLL.

O, the passion of God ! so I shalbe swinged ;  
     So, my bones shalbe bangd !  
 The poredge pot is stolne : what, Lob, I say,  
     Come away, and be hangd !  
 What, Lob, I say, come away with a foule euill !

LOB.

What a lobbing makest thou,  
     With a twenty Deuill !

DOLL.

Thou hast kept a goodly coile,  
 Thou whorsone hobling John !  
 Thou keepst a tumbling of me  
 In the barne, tell the poredge pot is gon.

LOB.

Nay, thou tumblest doine thy selfe,  
 And was almost beare ;  
 Nay, I will tell my dame  
 How thou wolest neades.....<sup>1</sup>

DOLL.

Thou lyest, whorsonne, thou wilt  
 Be cudgeld, so thou wilt !

LOB.

Nay, good Doll, say the <sup>2</sup> porridge were  
 all spilt.

*Heer entreth MOTHER BEE, with a stick in her hand.*

MOTHER BEE.

What, where be these whorecops ?  
 I promis you <sup>3</sup> keepe a goodly coyle ;  
 I serue the hogs, I seeke heenes nest,  
 I moile and toyle !  
 Thainks be to God, gentlewoman,  
 Betwixt Jack and Jone,  
 When I come into breakfast,  
 All the potage is gone !

<sup>1</sup> Omitted as at p. 27.

<sup>2</sup> *The the*, MS.

<sup>3</sup> *You you*, MS.

I pray ye, mistris, where is the potage  
Pot that is <sup>1</sup> hid away ?

DOLL.

Whilest Lob was kissing me in the barne,  
A knaue stole it away.

MOTHER BE.

Yea, Gods bones ! one can scarce go to ....<sup>2</sup>  
But my man and my maid  
Doe straight fall to kissing.

*Here she beateth them vp and downe the stage.*

Are yea billing? what, my man Lob,  
Is become a iolly ruffler ;  
You are billing, you ! I must be faine  
To be a snuffler.

LOB.

O, dame, dame, if you will beate me no more,  
I will tell you a tale ;  
When I was at the towne,  
One called you whore.

MOTHER BE.

A, whorsonne ! thou callest me  
Whore by craft ;  
Thou art a Kentish man, I trow.

LOB.

Why, Doll will not mend my breech ;  
How wold you haue me goe ?

<sup>1</sup> *Is that*, MS.

<sup>2</sup> Omitted, as at p. 27.



DOLL.

He lyes, Dame, he lyes ; he teares it  
Nether with plowing nor carting,  
For it is not so sone mended,  
But he teares it out with.....<sup>1</sup>

*Enter INQUISITION, bringing in  
IDLENIS, with the potage pot about his neck.*

MOTHER BE.

Soft, who haue we heare ?  
I am as glad  
As one wold giue me a croune.  
What haue I spied ? byrlady ! My  
porredge pot is come to towne.

INQUISITION.

What, is this your pottage pot ?  
Doe you know it, if you se it ?

MOTHER BE.

Whether it be mine or no,  
He had it from my fier-side,  
He cannot deny it. *[Exit MOTHER BE.]*

LOB.

O, dame, dame, so I will girk him, if I  
had my whip.  
Sirra, Dol, we will accuse him of fellowship.

IDLENIS.

Lett me alone, and I will tell you  
who stole your egges ;

<sup>1</sup> Omitted, *ut supra*.

And, lokwise, who stole your  
coke with the yellow legges.

INQUISITION.

Well, we will haue him to a justice :  
Dispach, come awaye !

LOB.

Yea, and lett him be whipte  
Vp and downe the towne  
next markit day.

[*Goe out all.*]

**The Eighth Scene.**

*Enter* GOOD NURTURE.

To them whose shoulders doe supporte  
the charge of tender youth,  
One greefe fales on anothers neck,  
And youth will haue his rueth ;  
Since first I gane to nurture Wit,  
Full many cares hath past,  
But when he had slained Ireksomnis,  
I thought me safe at last ;  
But now I se the very end  
Of that my late distresse,  
Is a begining vnto greefe,  
Which wilbe nothing lesse :  
For when I thought that Wit of late  
To Wisdomes house had gone,  
He came not there, but God knowes where  
This retchlesse Witt is run.  
Ne knowe I where to seeke him now.

Whereby I learne with paine  
 There is no greefe so fare gone past,  
 But may returne againe.

*Here WIT cryeth out in prison, and sayeth this.*

The silly bird once caught in net,  
 If she ascape alieu,  
 Will come no more so ny the snare,  
 Her fredome to depriue ;  
 But rather she will leaue her haunt,  
 The which she vsed before ;  
 But I, alas ! when steede is stolin,  
 Doo shut the stable dore.  
 For being often caught before,  
 Yet could I not refraine ;  
 More foolish then the witlis birde,  
 I came to hand againe.  
 Alas ! the chaines oppresse me sore,  
 Wherewith I now am lad,  
 But yet the paine doth pinch me more,  
 Wherein my hart is clad !  
 O, mightie Joue, now grant  
 That some good man may passe this place,  
 By whose good helpe I might be brougth  
 Out of this wofull case !

#### GOOD NURTARE.

What noyse is this ? what petious plaint  
 Are sounding in my eare ?  
 My hart doth giue me it is Wit,  
 The which I now do heare.  
 I will drawe nere and see  
 What wight art thou, [*He commeth nere the prison.*]  
 Which doost lament  
 And thus dost pine in paine.

WIT.

My name is Witt ;  
My greefe is greate,  
How should I then refrane ?

GOOD NURTARE.

What, Wit, how camest thou heare ?  
O God, what chaunce is this ?

WIT.

Dame Fancy brought me in this case ;  
I know I did amis.

GOOD NURTURE.

What, Fancy ? Where is she ?  
Oh, that I once might catch her.

WIT.

Wold God you could, or else some one,  
That able weare to matche her ;  
But she no soner heard your voyce,  
There standing at the dore,  
Then she with all her folks hath fled,  
And will be seene no more :  
But I, poore sowle, ly here in chaines.

*Here entreth and releaseth him* GOOD NURTURE.

Once more I haue releast the of thy paines.

WIT.

Your most vnworthy schollard  
Giues to you immortall thainks.

## GOOD NURTURE.

I pray you now take better heed  
You play no more such pranckes ;  
Pluck vp your sperits, your marige day  
Is come euen at hand.  
Tomorow Wisdome shall you wed,  
I let you vnderstand.

## WIT.

Right so as you think good,  
I shall contented be.

## GOOD NURTURE.

Then let vs goe for to prepare ;  
Come one, I say, with me ! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter IDLENIS like a preest.*

A, sirra, my masters, there is much adoe,  
When fortune is lowring ;  
O the passion of God ! I haue escaped a scouring.  
Here hath bin heaue and shoue,  
This geere is not fit ;  
In faith, I haue lye in the lurch,  
For coussing of Witt :  
Now shall he be maried in all the haste ;  
When Wit and Wisdome is ioyned together,  
Then I am reiected.  
Well it I can shift elsewhere,  
So long as I am not detected.  
Detected I cannot welbe,  
I am of that condition,  
That I canc turne into all

Coullers like the commillion.  
Althought some doe refuse me,  
And some leden heeled  
Lubber will not refraine me.  
And when men hath done with me,  
Women will retaine me !  
Idlenis, the say, is the mother of Wise ;  
Through Idlenis fell the Troynes,  
And the Greekes wan the price.  
Idlenis breedeth euell thoughts,  
Whereof come il deeds :  
Idlenis is a cockadill, and greate mischefe breeds.  
I giue myselfe a good reporte,  
My masters, you may think the best ;  
He that loueth me shall have smale  
    ioy of his rest.  
King Amasis made a lawe,  
And bownd his subiectes to it fast,  
To giue an acount whereupon  
They liued the yeare last past ;  
And if any liued idly,  
Without any regard,  
The punishmient was greuious  
    Thay did him award :  
But now I can escape from all such perrill,  
    And play the perueier  
Here in earth for the Deuell.  
    Well, my masters, I must be gone,  
    this marige to se ;  
Thay that list not to work,  
    Let them follow me.

[*Exit.*

**The X. Scena.***Enter SEUERITIE and WIT.*

SEUERITIE.

Well now, soone Witt,  
 The prooffe is plaine ;  
 The cloudes were nere so black,  
 But the brightnis of the sone  
 At last might put them back.  
 The wind did neuer blowe so much,  
 Where with the barke was tore,  
 But that the wether was so calme  
 To bring the ship to shore.  
 The dainger now is past,  
 Adresse thyselfe with speede  
 To meete with Wisdome, thy deere wyfe,  
 As we before decreede.

WIT.

It shalbe done as dutie binds,  
 And as I bounden stand ;  
 But se, good father, now behold,  
 Dame Wisdome is at hand.

*Enture GOOD NURTURE and WISDOME, and WISDOME  
 and WIT singeth this song.*

WISDOME.

My joye hath ouergrown my greefe,  
 My cure is past,  
 For Fortune hath bin my relefe  
 Now at last !

Tantara tara tantara,  
 My husband is at hand !  
 His comly grace appeeres in place,  
 As I doe vnderstand.

WIT.

My lady, thrise welcome to me,  
 Mine onely ioy !  
 The gentellnis, God giue it the  
 Without annoy.  
 Tantara tara tantara,  
 Welcome, my worthy wyfe !  
 Thou art my parte, thine is my hart,  
 My blessed lim of life !

WISDOME.

As dutie doth bind according to kind,  
 I thainke ye much ;  
 Thy wife forthe will spend her life,  
 She will not gruch.  
 Tantara tara tantara,  
 The summe of all my blisse ;  
 The welcomest wight, my cheefe delight,  
 That shalbe and that is.

WIT.

Let me thy comly corpes imbrace,  
 Dere Wisdome, now.

WISDOME.

Good Wit, I alwaies loued the place  
 To be with you ;  
 Tantara tara tantara,  
 Thou hast my hart in hold.



WIT.

Ne doe I faine, but tell the plane,  
I am thy owne, behold.

*Here indeth the song.*

GOOD NURTURE.

Well, now I am right glad  
To se you both well met.

SEUERITIE.

And so am I, with all my hart,  
That thay so sure are set.

BOTH.

We think ye both right humbly.

WIT.

And wish to mary speedily.

WISDOME.

For why, although the turtle long  
Ware parted from her mate.

WIT.

Now God be thanked, thay are met  
In good and happy state ;  
The Lord be thanked for his grace,  
Which gaue the vnto me :  
Then welcome nothing in heuen or earth,  
More welcommer can be.

WISDOME.

And you to me, dere Wit.

## SEUERITIE.

Come, now the time requires  
That we departe away  
To celebrate the nuptiales  
With joy, this wedding-day !

## WIT.

Goe you before, my father deare,  
And you, good master, straight,  
And then both I and Wisdome to  
Vpon you will awaite.

*[Goe forth all.]*

**Enter Epilogus.**

Thus haue you seene, good audience,  
 And hurd the course of youth ;  
 And who so list to try the same,  
 Shall find it for a truth.  
 And if this simple showe  
 Hath happined for to halt,  
 Your parden and your patience  
 We craue in our default :  
 For though the stile be rough,  
 And phryses found vnfit,  
 Yet may you say vpon the hed  
 The very naile is hit !  
 Wherefore the morrell marke,  
 For Finis lett it passe,  
 And Wit may well and worthy  
 Then vse it for a glasse,  
 Whereby for to essue his foes  
 That alwaies doe awaight him,  
 And neuer haing vpon the huck,  
 Where with thay seek to baite him.  
 Thus if you follow fast,  
 [You] will be quite from thrall,  
 [And] eke in joye an heuenly blisse ;  
 The which God graunt vs all !

*Amen, quoth* FRA : MERBURY.

**Finis.**



## NOTES.

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Page 3, line 1. Contract.] I should have added Mr. Larking's interpretation of this word, which is nearly defaced in the MS., is confirmed as far as possible by the portions of the letters still visible.

Page 3, line 7. Neuer before imprinted.] It is a question whether this MS. was copied from a printed book, or is in itself a copy prepared for the press. No printed edition of this play is known to be extant.

Page 5, line 9. The.] So in MS. for *that*?

Page 5, line 16. Wel fauurt with leutie.] This line is very obscure in the MS., and I am afraid it is wrongly printed, but no one whom I have asked has been able to unravel the obscurity. Mr. Collier, without seeing the original, conjectures "wel fraught with lenitie."

Page 6, line 10. That Wisdome] *Is the wight?* See page 8, line 22.

Page 8, line 15. Ye.] Perhaps an error for *he*. I have followed the reading of the manuscript.

Page 9, line 13. Thay.] An error for *thou*?

Page 10, line 10. Comnest.] *Comnest* in MS. The original abounds in clerical errors of this description, which I have in many cases silently corrected, believing that a note in every instance would be considered quite unnecessary.

Page 10, line 26. Al-to] Altogether, entirely, excessively. Previous to the sixteenth century, the *to* was a prefix to the verb, conveying power, or deterioration.

"Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and fere,  
Mercutious ysy hande had *all-to* frozen myne,

And of thy goodness thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne."

*Romeus and Juliet*, ed. Collier, p. 14.

Page 11, line 9. To.] That is, two.

Page 12, line 11. Geare.] Matter; business.

Page 12, line 14. The vice.] So much has been written on this character by Mr. Collier and other writers, that it may seem superfluous to say more than that the vice was the buffoon of the old moral plays which succeeded the Reformation. In the following very curious account of an interlude, written against the Roman Catholics at the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, the Vice seems described in the character of Solace. It is taken from MS. Bibl. Reg., 7 C., xvi., fol. 169.

*The copie of the nootes of the interluyde.*

"In the firste entres come in Solaice, whose parte was but to make mery, sing ballettes with his fellowes, and drinke at the interluydes of the play, whoe shewede firste to all the audiaunce the playe that he played, whiche was a generall thing, meanyng nothing in speciall to displeas noe man, prayng therfor noe man to be angre with the same. Nexte come in a king, whoe passed this throne, having noe speche to thende of the playe, and thene to raitefie and approve, as in playne parliament, all thinges doon by the reste of the players, whiche represented the three estes. Withe hym come his courtiours, Placebo, Pikthanke, and Flaterye, and suche a lik garde, one swering he was the lustieste, starkeste, best proporcioned, and moste valiaunte man that ever was; another swear he was the beste with longe bowe, crosebowe, and culverein in the world; another swear he was the beste juster and man of armes in the world, and soe furthe, during thair partes. Therafter came a man armed in harnes, withe a swerd drawen in his hande, a busshope, a burges man, and Experience, clede like a doctour, whoe sete thaym all down on the deis under the king. After thayme come a poor man, whoe did goe up and downe the scaffald, making a hevie complaynte that he was heryed throughe the courtiours taking his fewe in one place, and alsoe his tackes in another place, where throughe he hade scayled his house, his wif and childeren beggyng thaire brede, and soe of many thousound in Scotlande, whiche wolde make the kynges grace lose of men if his grace stod neide, saying thaire was noe remedye to be gotten, for thoughe he wolde snyte to the kinges grace, he was naither acquaynted with controuller nor treasurer, and withoute thaym, myght noe man gete noe godenes of the king; and after he spered for the king,

and whene he was shewed to the man that was king in the playe, he aunswered and said he was noe king, for ther is but one King, whiche made all and governethe all, whoe is eternall, to whome he and all erthely kinges ar but officers, of the whiche thay muste mak recknynge, and soe furthe, muche moor to that effecte. And then he loked to the king, and saide he was not the King of Scotlande, for ther was another king in Scotlande, that hanged John Armestrang with his fellowes, and Sym the Larde, and many other moe, which had pacified the countrey, and stanchd thefte, but he had lefte one thing undon, whiche perteynede as well to his charge as thayres. And whene he was asked what that was, he made a longe narracion of the oppression of the poor, by the taking of the corsepresa unte beistes, and of the herying of poor men by concistorye lawe, and of many other abussions of the spirituall and churche, withe many long stories and auctorities. Thene the Busshope roise and rebuked hym, saying it effered not to hym to speake suche matiers, commaunding hym seilence, or elles to suffer dethe for it by thair lawe. Therafter roise the man of armes, alledginge the contrarie, and commaunded the poor man to speake, saying thair abusion hade been over longe suffered withoute any lawes. Thene the poor man shewed the greate abusion of busshoppes, prelettes, abbotes, reving menes wifes and doughters, and holdyng thaym, and of the maynteynyng of thair childer, and of thair over bying of lordes and barrons eldeste sones to their doughters, wher thoroughe the nobilitie of the blode of the realme was degenerate, and of the greate superfluous rentes that perteyned to the churche by reason of over muche temporall landes given to thaym, whiche thaye proved that the kinge might take boothe by the canon lawe, and civile lawe, and of the greate abomynable vices that reingne in clostures, and of the common bordelles that was keped in clostures of nunneries. All this was provit by experience; and also was shewed thoffice of a busshope, and producit the Newe Testament with the auctorities to that effecte; and thene roise the man of armes, and the burges, and did saye that all that was producit by the poor man, and Experience was reasonable of veritie, and of greate effecte, and verey expedient to be reafourmede withe the consent of parliament; and the Busshope said he wold not consent therunto. The man of armes and burges saide thay were twoe, and he bot one, wherfor thair voice shuld have mooste effecte.

Theraftire the king in the play ratefied, approved and confermed all that was rehersed."

Page 12, line 17. Wen.] Ween; think.

Page 12, line 25. I can eate, &c.] This line ought to be printed, "I can eate tell I sweate, and &c."

Page 13, line 1. Litherlurden.] An old jocular term for *idleness*. It occurs in Lydgate.

Page 13, line 6. I wis.] That is, I know. In earlier works, this would be the adverb *i-wis*. It is no doubt an error to consider the latter meant by writers of the sixteenth century.

Page 13, line 15. Harlowe-bery.] Most likely left to the players, according to the place where the piece was to be acted.

Page 13, line 24. Counterfait crainke.] According to the canting dictionaries, a person who asks charity, and feigns sickness and disease. See *Earle's Microcosmography*, ed. 1811, p. 249.

Page 13, line 29. Soft fier makes swet malt.] This proverb also occurs in Ralph Royster Doyster, ed. 1818, p. 11; Gascoigne's *Workes*, p. 360.

Page 13, line 30. Firme.] Read *faine*.

Page 13, line 31. Broune stodie.] So Ben Jonson—

"Faith, this *brown study* suits not with your black,  
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours."

*Jonson*, ed. *Gifford*, vol. vi., p. 378.

Page 14, line 27. As gentell, &c.] Compare Shakespeare—

"Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice  
To lure this tercel-gentle back again!"

*Collier's Shakespeare*, vol. vi., p. 412.

Page 15, line 21. Swinke.] Labour; work.

Page 16, line 1. And.] That is, if. *And if* is also often used in the same sense. See line 14.

Page 16, line 16. A mother, Wit.] Read, "a mother-wit."

"A graue discreet gentleman hauing a comely wife, whose beauty and free behaiour did draw her honesty into suspition, by whom hee had a sonne almost at mans estate, of very dissolute and wanton carriage: I muse, said one, that a man of such stayd and moderate grauity should haue a sonne of such a contrary and froward disposition. Sir, reply'd



another, the reason is that his pate is stuffed with his *Mothers wit*, that there is no roome for any of his father's wisdom: besides, the lightnesse of her heeles is gotten into her sonnes braines."—*Taylor's Wit and Mirth*, 1630, p. 185.

Page 17, line 4. Luck.] That is, look.

Page 17, line 5. In the church booke.] An allusion to the system of parish registers, which was a novelty in those days.

Page 17, line 19. To witt.] That is, to know.

Page 18, line 24. I.] Ay, or yes.

Page 18, line 25. Bere all the charge.] Idleness of course means he will palm off his illegitimate child as Wit's, and make the latter pay for its maintenance.

Page 19, line 3. A kist.] That is, have kist. *A* for *have* is still common in the provinces, and is constantly so employed by our old dramatists.

Page 19, line 6. To desier you of more acquaintance.] That is, to be better acquainted. "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii., scene 1.

Page 19, line 9. A ought.] Perhaps, *in ought*.

Page 19, line 25. To the rop.] Meaning, to the gallows.

Page 20, line 23. Colling.] That is, blacking. Hence is derived the term *collier*. Shakespeare has—

"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the *collied* night."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act i., sc. i.

Page 21, line 10. Doddy.] That is, a blockhead.

"Thus by her scole  
Made hym a fole,  
And called hym *dody pate*;  
So from his thryfte  
She dyd hym lyfte,  
And therof creste the date."

*Boke of Mayd Emlyn*, p. 19.

Page 21, line 17. Colliar.] Alluding to her having blackened the face of Wit. See above.

Page 22, line 10. Home.] That is, whom.

Page 22, line 11. Softe.] A common exclamation in old plays. It seems to have been introduced in the fifteenth century.

Page 24, line 5. Rig.] Wanton, bad woman.

Page 24, line 10. Cog.] To play the cheat.

Page 24, line 11. Wethercoke of Poles.] Alluding to the weather-cock on St. Paul's cathedral.

Page 24, line 14. The catt in the pane.] To turn the cat in the pan, i.e., to be a turncoat. An old writer gives the following absurd origin of the phrase — "*Catipan*, to turn *catipan*, from a people called *Catipani*, in Calabria and Apulia, who got an ill name by reason of their perfidy; very falsely by us called *cat in pan*."

"Our fine Phylosopher, our trimme learned elfe,  
Is gone to see as false a spie as himselfe.

Damon smatters as well as he of craftie pilosophie,  
And can *tourne cat in the panne* very pretily :

But Carisophus hath given him such a mightie checke,  
As I thinke in the ende will breake his necke.

*Damon and Pithias*, p. 206.

Page 24, line 16. The outlandish man.] Foreign physicians were much esteemed in England in Queen Elizabeth's time. A character in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, says, "We'll gull the world that hath in estimation forraine phisitians." This part of our interlude may fairly be considered an illustration of the character of Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Page 25, line 7. Moyle.] Labour or drudge.

Page 25, line 8. Coyle.] Noise; tumult. "Here's a coil with a lord and his sister." *Amends for Ladies*, p. 37.

Page 25, line 12. Pilling and poling.] Robbing and plundering.

Page 26, line 16. A cadowe.] That is, a jackdaw. "*Nodulus* is also for a *cudlow*, or dawe." *Withal's Dictionarie*, 8vo., 1608, p. 87. The term is still in use in the Eastern counties.

Page 27, line 14. God a mercy horse.] A slang expression, the exact force of which it is somewhat difficult to define. Its origin is attempted to be accounted for in *Tarlton's Jests*, p. 24.

Page 27, line 27. *Oculus*.] In the MS. it is *ovulus*, which is of course an error.

Page 28, line 2. John Tapsters.] The innkeeper's.

Page 28, line 9. Commist.] Committed.

Page 28, line 11. Euell gotten worse spent.] This proverb occurs

in an early MS. in the Museum, Harl. 2321, fol. 147, and is not yet obsolete.

Page 29, line 23. This geer cottons.] That is, this matter or business goes on prosperously.

“And all have their inscriptions—here’s *cock-a-hoop*,  
This *The gear ccttens*, and this *Faint heart never*.”

*The Inner-Temple Masque*, p. 150.

Page 30, line 2. Be Gis.] A profane oath.

“By Gis, and by Saint Charity,

Alack, aud fie for shame!

Young men will do’t, if they come to’t;

By cock, they are to blame.”

*Hamlet*, act iv., sc. 5.

Page 30, line 30. Lin.] That is, cease.

“Her husband, a recusant, often came

To hear mass read, nor would he ever *lin*.”

*Billingsley’s Brachy-Martyrologia*, 1657, p. 200.

Page 31, line 3. Crose.] A piece of money.

Page 31, line 17. It.] That is, yet.

Page 33, line 6. The whorson patch.] That is, fool. “Thou scurvy patch,” *Tempest*, act iii., sc. 2.

Page 33, line 10. Theaues.] *Theaes* in the manuscript.

Page 33, line 24. This seven yeer.] A common phrase of the time. It occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii., sc. 3, “a vile thief this seven year.” See also *King Lear*, act iii., scene 4: 2 *Henry VI.*, act ii., scene 1.

Page 34, line 6. Is.] Perhaps it should be *it is*.

Page 34, line 14. A puttock] A kite.

“O bless’d, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a *puttock*.”

*Cymbeline*, act i., sc. 2.

Page 35, line 15. Wite.] Wight, person.

Page 35, line 21. No force.] No matter.

Page 35, line 25. To-to goo.] So in the original; but we should read *to-to good*, as the rhyme proves. The word *too-too* here, as in many other instances, denotes *excessive* or *excessively*, although the provincial use of the term is said to be *exceedingly*, a sense it also bears in

early writers. It is often nothing more than a strengthening of the word *too*. "*Too-too*, used absolutely for very well or good." Ray's Collection of English Words, 12mo., London, 1674, p. 49. Shakespeare has the word in his Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii., sc. 2—"I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are *too-too* strongly embattled against me." We here have Shakespeare using the term in the sense in which it is constantly employed by our early writers, both as an adjective and an adverb; and in another place I endeavoured to show that this is the same which occurs in Hamlet, act i., sc. 2, generally printed as two distinct words. Mr. Baverstock, however, complains of the "innovation." I have desired no innovation, further than warranted by the discovery of truth: for I merely wished to *restore* the text to its original purity as it came from the bard's own hand, and I believe no argument of the nature of that employed by Mr. Baverstock can prevail against the enormous weight of philological evidence I have collected, *confirmed by other instances in Shakespeare's own works, where Mr. Baverstock's reasoning would entirely fail.* This is no "fresh idea" concerning Shakespeare. I have stated distinctly, I leave the author's sense as I found it. All I contend for is, that *too-too* is essentially one word; that it is several times so recognized by Shakespeare; and that no editor can be philologically justified in dividing it into two. "Oh! that this *too-too* solid flesh would melt," i.e., this *excessive* solid flesh, or *too excessive* solid flesh. The whole line requires a slow recital, and there is nothing in my "innovation," when calmly considered, which detracts from the beauty or force of the passage.

Mr. Baverstock evidently regards my discovery of the existence of *too-too* as an independent word in early writers one which had been far better concealed, if it is to be applied to the passage in Hamlet. On this point I will not enter into any disputation; but the merit of the discovery, whatever it may be, and I am not by any means disposed to rate it *too-too* highly, is my own. I first made it public very early in 1843, in the notes to the First Sketches of King Henry the Sixth, p. 196, and, let me add, without any ostentation. In 1845 appeared the second volume of Mr. Hunter's New Illustrations, and at p. 218 I found the conclusions to which I had previously arrived inserted as new to "the whole body of writers on English philology," without any allusion to

my former note. On a subject of such very small importance, it is unnecessary to offer any further comment. The following additional examples are recommended to the reader's notice as fully confirmatory of the view I have taken on the meaning and force of the word *too-too*—

There is another pride which I must touch,  
It is so bad, so base, so *too-too* much.

*Taylor's Superbiæ Flagellum*, p. 37.

Her taile was *too-too* large for him to tread,  
He *too-too* little her to ouer-spread.

*Scot's Philomythie*, 1616, Sig. D. ii.

That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; *too-too* vain; *too-too* vain; but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement.

*Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

—This reign  
Is *too-too* unsupportable.

*Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford*, vol. v. p. 89.

He is dogged, but discreet. I cannot tell how sharpe, with a kind of sweetnes; full of wit, yet *too-too* wayward.

*Lilly's Sixe Court Comedies*, ed. 1632, Sig. H. x.

I awoke, and then I knew  
What love said was *too-too* true.

*Herrick's Works*, vol. ii., p. 27.

And yet there's *too-too* many I doe know,  
Whose hearts with this foule poyson over-flow.

*Wither's Abuses*, p. 43.

And therewith he is a great enemy to sinne and vice, whiche now raigneth *too-too* much amongst al estates and degrees. — *Northbrooke's Treatise*, 1577.

Both a light one and a Levite  
There I viewed; *too-too* aged.

*Barnaby's Journal*.

Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he pass'd  
To Britain's isle; *too-too* conspicuous there.

*Young's Night Thoughts*, p. 303.

Furthermore, I have ben, my girle, a lawier *to-too* long,  
If at a pinche I cannot wrest the law from right to wrong.

*Historie of Promos and Cassandra*, p. 37.

O Leard, Learde, cham sicke: my belly akes *too-too*.

*Ibid.* p. 56.

Lycoris, to the gods thou art too dear,  
And *toq-too* much of heaven belov'd I fear.

*Randolph's Poems*, 1643, p. 12.

You guesse the meaning. *Too-too* well.

*Randolph's Jealous Lovers*, p. 19.

——But here's a witsnesse

Of *too-too* certain truth stands up against her.

*Randolph, Ibid.* p. 21.

All I can find is losse! O *too-too* wretched!

*Randolph's Amyntas*, ed. 1640, p. 82.

Without the first the last may not be had;

Yet to the first the last is *too-too* bad.

*Ashmole's Theat. Chem. Brit.* 1652, p. 335.

She weeps and takes on *too-too*.

*The Coxcomb*, act iii., sc. 2.

My brothers mind is base, and *too-too* dull

To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects.

*Troublesome Raigne of King John*, p. 230.

Least beeing *too-too* forward in the cause,

It may be blemish to my modestie.

*Ibid.* p. 244.

*Eschancer*, to eat, as a canker, into; also, to cut or make hollow,  
and halfe-round; also, to pare very neere, nip off *too-too* neere. — *Cot-  
grave's Dictionarie*, 1632.

*Too-too* forgetful of thine own affairs,

Why wilt thou betray thy son's good hap?

*Marlowe's Dido*, act v., sc. 1.

Aye, but he'll come again; he cannot go;

He loves me *too-too* well to serve me so.

*Ibid.* act v. sc. 2.

And *too-too* well the fair vermilion knew.

*Hero and Leander*, p. 334.

The cold of wo hath quite untun'd my voice,  
And made it *too-too* harsh for list'ning ear.

*Return from Parnassus*, act v., sc. 1.

Your father says, my state is *too-too* low.

*Wily Beguiled*, ap. *Hawkins*, p. 340.

Hard-hearted gods, and *too-too* envious fates,  
Thus to cut off my father's fatal thread.

*Tragedy of Locrine*, p. 10.

Ay me, my virgin's hands are *too-too* weak  
To penetrate the bulwark of my breast.

*Ibid.* p. 56.

And when too old to liue, yet fate drawes nigh,  
Our loue shall make vs *too-too* young to die.

*Porter's Madrigales*, 1632.

And albeit I cannot, being *too-too* much abused by some that haue beereft me of my notes in this behalfe, bring my purpose to passe.—*Harrison's Description of Britaine*, p. 108.

But of such writers as we haue *too-too* manie, so among the said rable Geruase of Tilberie is not the least famous.—*Ibid.* p. 129.

But, alas, their couetous minds one waie in inlarging their reuenues, and carnall intent another, appeered herin *too-too* much.—*Ibid.* p. 193.

And as these haue beene in times past erected for the benefit of the realme, so are they in many places *too-too* much abused.—*Ibid.* p. 202.

But as most drouers are verie diligent to bring great store of these vnto those places; so manie of them are *too-too* lewd in abusing such as buie them.—*Ibid.* p. 220.

In suche moste greuous tyrannycall sorte,  
That *to-to* shamefull weare heere to reporte.

*British Bibliographer*, vol. iv., p. 205.

Rome puffs us up, and makes us *too-too* fierce.

*Misfortunes of Arthur*, act iii., sc. 1.

They made much of themselves; yea, *too-too* much.

*Ibid.* act v., sc. 1.

Then would I tell her she were *too-too* base,  
To doat thus on a banish'd, carelesss groom.

*Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, p. 31.

I do not lie; you wot it *too-too* well,  
The deed was such as you may shame to tell.

*Ibid.* p. 39.

Oh, Ely, thou to him wert *too-too* cruel!

*Ibid.* p. 45.

Pray hold there; I know it *too-too* well.  
The tokens and the letters I have still.

*A Woman is a Weathercock*, p. 29.

I know he loves me *too-too* heartily,  
To be suspicious or to prove my truth.

*Amends for Ladies*, act ii., sc. 2.

But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth *too-too* oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brainsick rude desire.

*Rape of Lucrece*, ap. *Collier*, p. 420.

By *too-too* much Dan Cræsus caught his death,  
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold;  
By *too-too* litle many one lacks breath,  
And striues in streetes a mirroure to behold.

*Deuises of Sundrie Gentlemen*, p. 357.

If so thy wyfe be *too-too* fayre of face,  
It drawes one guest too manie to thyne inne.

*Ibid.* p. 358.

I loath the *too-too* easy field,  
Alike with her that nere will yield.

*R. Fletcher's Poems*, p. 8.

Page 37, line 6. Plaste.] Placed.

Page 39, line 6. Fulmers.] Polecats. "I might here intreat largelie of other vermine, as the polcat, the miniuier, the weasell, stote, *fulmart*, squirrill, fitchew, and such like." — *Harrison's Description of England*, p. 225. The term is still in use in the North of England.

Page 39, line 23. Moyling.] Work; bother.

Page 41, line 12. Hargubushere.] A person who carried a harquebuss, an old-fashioned musket. "*Espingardier*, an harguebuzier, or small shot." — *Cotgrave*.

Page 43, line 15. A royall.] Puns were frequently made by our old dramatists on the name of this coin.



Page 45, line 18. A morin.] That is, a murrain. A similar oath occurs in *Coriolanus*, act i., sc. 5.

Page 48, line 22. You him.] *You hold him?*

Page 49, line 24. Byrlady.] That is, by our lady! A common interjection in early plays.

Page 50, line 2. Podge.] Porridge, or hodge-podge; any miscellaneous mixture of food.

Page 50, line 7. Fadge.] To suit, or agree.

Then John, and Joane, and Madge,

Were call'd the merry crew:

That with no drinke could *fadge*,

But where the fat they knew.

*Friar Bakon's Prophesie*, 1604.

Page 50, line 21. Swinged.] Whipped; beaten.

Page 50, line 27. Lobbing.] Tumult; uproar.

Page 50, line 28. With a twenty deuill.]

Come in, wiffe, in twentye devilles waye!

Or elles stand their all day.

*Chester Plays*, vol. i., p. 53.

Page 51, line 19. Whorecops.] Bastards. This term occurs in the *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 246, spelt *horcop*; and in *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 432, the editor not having met with the term elsewhere. It is, however, sufficiently common. "*Horcop*, *pelinguus*," *Nominale MS.* "The whorecop is plaguily well lov'd in our town," *Peele's Works*, vol. iii., p. 92, not understood by Mr. Dyce. See further examples in my *Dictionary of Archaisms*, in v.

Page 52, line 12. Ruffler.] A rogue; properly, one who pretends to be a maimed soldier or sailor.

Page 52, line 14. Snuffler.] A highwayman, according to the canting dictionaries.

Page 53, line 9. Soft, who haue we heare.] A similar phrase occurs in *Coriolanus*, act i., sc. 1.

Page 53, line 22. Girk.] Whip, or flog. The word is much more usually spelt *jerk*.

Page 54, line 27. Retchlesse.] Reckless. A common form of the word in early writers.

Page 55, line 12. Doo shut the stable dore.]

The steede was stollen before I shut the gate,

The cates consumd before I smelt the feast.

*Deuises of Sundrie Gentlemen*, p. 341.

Page 55, line 28. Giue.] Tell, confess, or grant.

Page 58, line 17. Amasis.] A king of Egypt, who made a law that every one should yearly give account to the government how he lived, and in default, to be put to death.

Page 60, line 1. Tantara tara tantara.] A Latin song with this burden occurs in MS. Harl. 7371.

Early Illustrations  
of  
Shakespeare  
and  
The English Drama.



# EARLY ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND THE DRAMA.

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The interlude printed for the first time in the preceding pages is so short, and the necessary illustrations by notes occupy so small a space, that it may not perhaps be considered out of place to add some new information respecting our early drama and Shakespeare ; the more especially as there are objections to the publication of another text, which could not be considered an appropriate adjunct to the Dering Manuscript. In so doing we can scarcely be accused of following the plan of Hearne's heterogeneous collections ; for, although the periods to which our fragments relate vary, they will in no instance be found inconsistent with what may naturally be looked for in any publication of the Shakespeare Society.

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## SECTION I. SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.

I have recently purchased an old chap-book, which I do not remember to have seen noticed elsewhere, and I think worthy of a brief description. It contains a prose story, apparently founded on the Tempest, although professing on the title-page to be translated from the French. The title runs thus—  
“The Force of Nature ; or, the Loves of Hippollito and

Dorinda, a romance, translated from the French original, and never before printed in English," *Northampton, Printed by R. Raikes and W. Dicey, over against All Saints Church, 1720. Price three Pence.* 12mo, pp. 29, inclusive of title, and last page blank. An extract from the commencement of it will suffice.

*The most Renowned History of Prospero, Duke of Milan.*

In the dukedom of Milan, there sometime reigned a most noble duke called Prospero, who had a brother, named Antonio, to whom he trusted the manage of his state ; he himself being for the most part wrapt up in secret studies—not in the least surmising that his brother would ever throw off the name, and chuse that of an usurper, for the sake of his dominions. But the false Antonio having obtained the craft of granting suits and of denying them, of advancing and deposing, and being prompted on by wild Ambition, wak'd in his soul an evil nature, and began to suppose himself the duke, because he executed the outward face of sovereignty ; and at last made that traiterous thought so natural to him, that he resolv'd it should be real : and to this end confederated with the Duke of Savoy, (who was an inveterate enemy to Prospero,) promising him tribute, and to do him homage, if he would constitute him Duke of Milan in the room of his brother : to which Savoy consenting, Antonio, in the dead of the night, (as they had secretly agreed,) open'd to him the gates of Milan ; and hurry'd the lawful duke to Savoy, and with him two young princesses, his daughters, the eldest named Miranda, and the youngest Dorinda, who were the dear pledges of their father's former love, and the pretty remembrancers to him of a lady, who in her life-time was all vertue ; as also an infant call'd Hippolito, the right heir to the dukedom of Mantua, whose father dying, bequeath'd him (but three years old) to the care of Prospero, and who, by Antonio's cruelty, was expos'd to the same fate as that much-wronged duke.

When they arriv'd at Savoy they were put aboard a vessel at Nissa, of which Gonzalo, a nobleman of Savoy, was appointed master, who bore them out some leagues to sea, where there was a rotten carcase of a boat prepared for their reception, without either rigging, tackle, sail, or mast. However, Gonzalo, knowing the duke was an entire lover of his books, was so generous as to furnish him (but from his own library) with some books which he set a value on, as also some rich garments, which afterwards stood these royal exiles in good stead. They had also a small quantity of food, and some fresh water. And thus they were left to the mercy of the waves, which proving greater than that of his unnatural brother, they were at length thrown on an island uninhabited save only by two brats, which Sicorax, a most damn'd witch, who had been banish'd from Argier to that desolate place for manifold mischiefs and sorceries, too terrible for human hearing, had litter'd there. These two freckled, hag-born wretches were named, the male, Caliban, and the female, Sicorax. On this island was the noble duke and his innocent companions thrown.

What shall Prospero do now? He knows he is upon enchanted ground, and has no hopes of any succour from the two confounded and poisonous brats of this old deceased hag: he had magick sufficient, however, to defend himself from their insults, and even to punish them for whatever affronts they should offer—for he was a man of most occult study, and had penetrated into the very pith of sorcery; yet, he thought it more advisable to endeavour to bring that accurs'd slave over to his service by fair and courteous means. So, having lodg'd his two infant daughters in a cave which he himself had accommodated for them, and hous'd Hippolito in a rock at some distance from their cell, for a reason which you will hear in the sequel, he left them, and went in search of the monster, whom, having found, he us'd all gentle means to bring to his lure. He strok'd and made much of him, gave him to taste of some rich cordials which he had brought with

him, taught him to name the sun and the moon, and by these means excited in that wretched creature a love towards him so that he shew'd him all the qualities of the Isle, as the fresh springs, fertile places, &c. And Prospero, to requite this gratitude of the slave, took pains to make him speak — for before this he was savage, and could only gabble—and to defend him from the inclemency of the weather, lodg'd him in his own cell ; till, on a time, this filthy slave, Prospero being absent, attempted to dishonour his two fair daughters, who were now grown to maturity, having been twelve years upon this desert Isle. But the duke returning before the brutal villain could accomplish his accurs'd intent, and, being inform'd of what Caliban had attempted, he, by the strong power of his art, pent him up in a rock, afflicting him with cramps and side-stiches, causing the urchins to suck his blood, and the bees to sting him, and fill'd his bones with such aches that he would often roar so hideously that the very beasts trembled at the noise he made. Besides this, he deservedly made him his slave, to fetch wood, make fires, and serve in the most drudging offices, still punishing him in the abovesaid manner, whenever he neglected the least tittle of what he had commanded. Thus the monster not being contented with the happiness that he might have enjoy'd in a quiet subordination, was oblig'd to put up with a slavery which he could not avoid, as a punishment he had justly deserv'd.

The compiler of this story seems to have made use of Dryden's alteration of the *Tempest* ; but still it is a curious fact to ascertain that, at a period which may be regarded as the dawn of our appreciation of the poet's genius, a chap-book was founded on one of his plays, and no doubt sold by itinerant dealers throughout the country.

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## SECTION II. CURIOUS DRAMATIC MANUSCRIPT.

Understanding that there existed in the library of an ancient family in the East of England an early MS. containing plays by Beaumont and Fletcher, I made further inquiries, and was favoured with a sight of the volume. It is of no great antiquity, but may furnish important readings, as it contains hitherto unknown copies of the following plays— 1, The Inconstant Lady, or, Better Late than Never ; 2, The Lovers' Hospital ; 3, The Woman's Prize ; 4, The Lost Ladie, a Tragi-Comedy ; 5, The Beggar's Bush ; Hengist, King of Kent. The last one commences as follows :—

*Ray.* What Raynulphe Munck of Chester can  
 Raise from his Policronicron,  
 That raised him, as works doe men,  
 (To see light so long parted with agen)  
 That best may please this round faire ring  
 With sparkleing iudgm<sup>ts</sup> circled in  
 Shall produce, if all my power[s]  
 Can wyn the grace of too poore howres :  
 Well apaide I goe to rest,  
 Ancient storyes have bene best,  
 Fashions that are now called new  
 Have bene worne by more then yo<sup>w</sup> ;  
 Elder times haue vs'd y<sup>e</sup> same,  
 Though these new ones get y<sup>e</sup> name,  
 So in story whats now told  
 That takes not part with days of old ?  
 Then to prove times mutuall glorye  
 ioyne new times love to old times storye. *Exit.*

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## SECTION III. THE MARRIAGE OF THE ARTS.

Wood relates an anecdote concerning Holiday's play of *Τεχνονομία*, quoted in the Biog. Dramat., p. 356. The following collection of verses, which is taken from a MS. at Middlehill, No. 9569, written in 1638, confirms Wood's anecdote, and well merits preservation. Holiday's play was printed in 1610, and was several times republished.

*Verses uppon C[hrist] C[hurch] play, made by Mr. Holliday,  
acted before the King at Woodstocke.*

To hope, Holliday? Why then 'twill nere be better.

Why, all the guard, that never knew a letter

But that uppon ther coates, whose witt consists

In Archyes bobs and Garretts sawcy jeasts,

Deride our Christ-Church steaves, and sweare that they

Never kept doore to such a midnight play.

Why, Cambridge Dolman pitcht beyond it farre,

It fell two barres short of "Albumazar."

Besides, they feasted with an henne that night,

Wherein the Lord Vicechancellor used ther might;

Now both ther gutts were empty, and ther eare

Could nether caufe nor noyse of laughter heare.

Our hobby horse came short of thers, but yet

Wee did excell them in one flash of witt.

Wee had an ape, forsooth, bare three yeares old,

Could doe more tricks then Colle Westons could:

A most fine ape, God is my rightfull judge!

An excellent ape, could leape and skipp and trudge,

Lye still, or caper: O, prodigious bowtes,

An active ape, and yet composed of clowtes!

Why, how now, sawcy groomes? goe meddle with

Your barre and holdberts, scowre your rusty teeth

In the remainder of the last killd sceere,

And wash your nasty throats in Woodstock beere.

Do you deride his worth? Who dares uphold yee?  
Be husht no more, and say a frend hath told yee;  
Else hele in fury come, you naked stripp,  
And scourge you with a sixteene knotted whipp.  
Doe you not know that all this was begott?  
I speake my conscience wher it was his lott  
To bee at truce with study, that this mirth  
At first edition was but five weekes birth—  
Yet not abortive. Sett an higher prize  
Uppon his workes; at least, let not your vice  
Make an acute bad comment; that which wee  
Object as grosse was his best propertye.  
A poet's a creator, and 'tis more  
To make an ape, then teach one made before.  
This answered, thinke you heard your captaine say  
Silence, or else you shall not eate to day.  
See, now they are gonne: but see, more anger yet,  
Thers one hath beggd monopolyes of witt;  
Fastidious briske the courtier: see, it grinneth;  
It made a ballad, and it doth beginne with.  
It is not full yet a fortnight since  
Christ-Church at Woodstocke entertaind the Prince,  
And 'vented hath a studyed toy, (pray marke this!)  
Long as the siege of Troy, to please the Marquisse.  
Good sir, a word: for all your silke and satten,  
Yet may I safely sweare you know no Latine.  
And will you talke, sir: none must judge his parts  
But such as are well skilld in all the arts.  
Nor is it fitt you jeast on him, sir, since  
He lately conquered a fierce Latine Prince.  
He hath a zealous sword; if you he heares,  
Be sure he'll cutt of your rebellious eares.  
Frisk to the Globe or Curtaine with your trull,  
Or gather musty phrases from the Bull.  
This was not for your diet; he did bring

What was prepared for our Platonick king.  
Goe, court your mistresse, sir ; he's likewise gone,  
And I am left halfe angry here alone—  
Glad that I have the poet so befrinded,  
Mad that such dull invention was commended.  
To such a sacred audience was his muse  
Wit-bound or tongue-tyed, that she did refuse  
To lend new mater, or else did he deeme  
“ Crambe bis costa ” was of such esteeme ?  
What, though he say ther was great alteration,  
Yet was it all built on the old foundation :  
Nay, more, 'tis thought this second repetition  
Will plague the printers with a new edition.  
The title this : A pleasant Comedye,  
Lately presented to his Majestye,  
The prince, the marquise, and the courtiers prudent,  
At Woodstocke mannor by a Christ-Church student.  
Would oute twere come to that ? For then should wee  
Be teared from a generall obloquye.  
For most men thinke, nor will they change the mind,  
That all the Uniuersity conjoynd  
In the performances, and without all doubt  
To countenance this toy was so given out.  
Nor at the court alone, (the more the pitty)  
Tis so believed in village, towne, and citty.  
Nay, I have heard the rascall Batle Guard say,  
Schollers, runne home, study, and mend your play.  
Horrible thruth ! Shall private weakenesse bee  
A slander to the Universitye ?  
Give Cambridge such occasion as to mocke,  
And make poore Oxford a pure laughing stocke ?  
O, fate of life ! and can I hold my peace,  
Urg'd thus, and from revenge so just thus tease ?  
Twere but the witt of justice now to rayle  
Upon the Poet ; but 'twill nought availe,

And therefore out of mercye I'le be free  
 To pittie, and give counsell without fee,  
 The better to digest his new disgrace.  
 (I would not have him runne to such a place,  
 Where it should be preferment to endure,  
 To teach a schoole, or else to starve a cure.)  
 A milder course is better : let him gett  
 Commendatorye verses, and entreat  
 His worthy frend, juditious Mr. Lea,  
 To write a Persian censure on his play.

*Against the Libeller.*

Thou that hast yet no name of thine owne,  
 But dost hope by traducing of his to be knowne,  
 Enjoye thy deare purchase, yet not without laughter,  
 Bee thy name halfe-holiday ever hereafter ;  
 For in learning and witt I would have yee beleive,  
 Where this Holiday comes thou art but his slave.

*Anti-Holliday.*

Bragg on, old Christ-Church, never frett nor greeve,  
 But in thy practice let proud Wolsey live,  
 Who never thought he well perform'd that thinge  
 Was not about or else about the kinge.  
 His fall and pride was *Ego et Rex meus* :  
 Thine greater now when *Rex* is joynd with *Deus*.  
 God nor the king seemd to approve that play,  
 That made his sabbaoth lesse then Holliday.

*Answer.*

If I can judge a sicke man by his fitt,  
 This poet hath more heresy then witt ;  
 For if the last verse of the eighth bee true,  
 What ere his countrye is, he is a Jew.

*Againe.*

I could forgive thy . . . . . rimes,  
 Did they condemne mee only and these times ;  
 But how comes Wolsey in ? why doest thou laye  
 My fault to him ? he founded not my play,  
 Nor doe in our Oxford, Wolsey say,  
 When wee intend to rayle, but when we pray :  
 And how comes Sunday in ? why dost thou spight  
 God for my sake, and robb him of his right ?  
 The sabbaoth in thy throate better be dumbe,  
 Then by thy phrase deny that Christ is come.

*In the person of Christ Church.*

If wee at Woodstocke have not pleased those  
 Whose clamorous judgment lyes in crying noes,  
 Wee are not sorry, for such witts as they  
 Libell our windowes oftner then our play :  
 Or if wee have not pleased those whose lipps  
 Preserve the knowledge of the Proctorshipps,  
 And judge by houses as ther voices goe,  
 Not caringe if the cause bee good or noe,  
 Nor by desert or fortune they loose ther pawne,  
 Wee are not greatly sorry ;

But if any

Can be found, out of the ingaged many,  
 That daws speake hath ever when the head is by,  
 Or where his seniors spowne is in the pye,  
 Nor to commend the worthy will forbear,  
 Though he of Cambridge or of Christ-Church were,  
 And not of his owne colledge, and will shame  
 To wrong the persons for his goods or name ;  
 Yf any such be found, then downe, proud spirit.  
 Yf not, know number never conquerd meritt.

[*Answered.*]

When too much zeale doth fire devotion,  
 Love is not love, but superstition :  
 Even so in civill dutyes, when wee come,  
 Too oft wee are not frends but troublesome ;  
 But as the first is not idolatrye,  
 So is the last but greived industrie ;  
 And so mine, whose strife to humor you  
 By overplus hath robbd you of your due.

*To the puritane disprayser.*

Tis not my person nor my play,  
 But my sirname Holliday,  
 That doth offend thee : thy complaints  
 Are not against mee, but the Saintes :  
 So ill dost thou brooke my name,  
 Because the Church doth like the same.

A name more awfull to the Puritane  
 The[n] Talbot was to France, or Drake to Spaine.

*The fiddler of New Colledge his descant on the play.*

At the " Marriage of the Arts " before the king,  
 Lest those brave mates should want an offeringe,  
 The king himselfe did offer, what, I pray ?  
 He offerd twice or thrice to goe away.

*The answer.*

More trouble yet ? 'tis but an organist.  
 Fidlers and fooles may prattle what they list.  
 Yet wonder I the chanter would suffer him to play  
 Such foolish jiggs uppon an Holliday.

*The author's farwell.*

To find a man in companye  
 Were ventring at a lotterye

Where fewer blancks goe to one prize  
 Then here doe foules to one that's wise :  
 Why then al credit have I throwne  
 Where there are twenty casts to one,  
 And that one too perhaps his Lord's,  
 Whose Lord too speakes not his owne words.  
 O, wretched state of poetrye !  
 Blew-coates are not more liverye  
 With badges on St. George's day,  
 Then are men's judgments at a play,  
 Where you may know whose follower more  
 By what he spake then what he wore.  
 Why then farwell, deare trifled Muse,  
 Untill I heare some monstrous newes  
 That men doe cease such to persever,  
 And that I thinke is farwell ever.

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## SECTION IV. BASSE'S EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

Most early copies of this celebrated epitaph vary considerably from each other. The present is taken from the Middle-hill MS., No. 9569, written about 1638.

*On Shakespeare. Basse.*

Renowned Spencer, lye a thought more nigh  
 To learned Beaumont, and rare Beaumont lye  
 A little neerer Chaucer, to make roome  
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourefold tombe.  
 To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift  
 Untill Doomesday : for hardly will a fift  
 Betwixt this day and that by fate be slaine,  
 For whom the curtaine shall be drawne againe.  
 But if precedency in death doth barre  
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulcher,



In an uncarued marble of thine owne  
 Lye, brave tragedian, Shakèspeare, lye alone !  
 Thy unmolested rest, unshared cave,  
 Possesse as Lord, not Tenant, to thy grave ;  
 That unto others it may counted bee  
 Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

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## SECTION V. SUPPOSED POEMS BY SHAKESPEARE.

From the same MS. as the preceding, and stated in the catalogue to be the genuine productions of Shakespeare. The signature seems to afford the sole ground for such a supposition, but it may save trouble to a future inquirer to render them accessible.

*To a valentine.*

Faire valentine, since once your welcome hand  
 Did call mee out, wrapt in a paper band,  
 Vouchsafe the same hand still, to shew thereby  
 That fortune did your will noe injurie.  
 What though a knife I give, your beautyes charme  
 Will keepe the edge in awe for doing harme :  
 Wooll deads the sternest blade, and will not such  
 A weake edge turne, meeting a softer touch ?

W. S.

*On a butcher marrying a tanner's daughter.*

A fitter match hath never bin :  
 The flesh is married to the skin.

W. S.

SECTION VI. TRINCULO'S STRANGE FISH, ILLUSTRATED BY AN  
EARLY BALLAD IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD.

Trinculo's first meeting with Caliban, and his commentaries on the dubious appearance of that singular character, was probably a scene that was relished considerably by the audience when the *Tempest* was first produced. Among the many pieces of contemporary satire with which Shakespeare adapted his plays to his auditors, although it must be acknowledged that he has often generalised them sufficiently to preserve their effect to most ages, this speech of Trinculo must now have lost much of its point. Strange fishes, perhaps, are not so much a matter of astonishment for the "abject vulgar" now-a-days, setting aside the equivoue unavoidably produced by the modern application of the term to our own race; and living specimens from the wilds of America have taken the place of Trinculo's "dead Indian." The reader or spectator smiles at the conjectures of Trinculo; but, without a commentary, he would hardly detect the particular satire. There can, however, be little doubt that Shakespeare here intended an allusion to the practice of showing *lusus naturæ* for the benefit of the "holiday fools;" and it may be that the strange fish and dead Indian refer to some particular exhibitions that were popular about the time the *Tempest* was written.

However this may be, no one has yet produced any documents that bear sufficiently on the subject to entitle them to be received as authorities in the disputed question concerning the chronology of this play. Mr. Chalmers's dead Indian is a matter of mere conjecture as regards its connection with the one referred to by Trinculo; and Mr. Hunter's is of so early a date<sup>1</sup> that it can scarcely be applicable. I am not prepared to produce more decisive evidence, but the following early ballad, which is copied from one in black-letter in Anthony

<sup>1</sup> Disquisition on the *Tempest*, p. 102.

Wood's collection in the Ashmolean Museum, marked No. 401, seems so good an illustration of Trinculo's remarks on the curiosity excited in England upon the appearance of a "strange fish," that it may perhaps be considered worthy of a place in this miscellany.

*A description of a strange and miraculous fish, cast upon the sands in the meads, in the hundred of Worwell, in the county Palatine of Chester, or Chesheire. The certainty whereof is here related concerning the said most monstrous fish. To the tune of Bragandary.*

Of many marvels in my time  
 I've heretofore,  
 But here's a stranger now in prime  
 That's lately come on shore,  
 Invites my pen to specifie  
 What some (I doubt) will think a lie ;  
 O rare,  
 beyond compare,  
 In England nere the like.

It is a fish, a monstrous fish !  
 A fish that many dreads,  
 But now it is, as we would wish,  
 Cast up o'th sands i'th meads,  
 In Chesshire ; and tis certaine true,  
 Describ'd by those who did it view ;  
 O rare,  
 beyond compare,  
 In England nere the like.

Full twenty one yards and one foot  
 This fish extends in length,  
 With all things correspondent too't,  
 For amplitude and strength :

Good people, what I shall report  
Doe not account it fained sport ;

O rare,  
beyond compare,  
In England nere the like.

It is almost five yards in height,  
Which is a wondrous thing ;  
O mark, what marvels to our sight  
Our potent Lord can bring !  
These secrets Neptune closely keeps  
Within the bosome of the deeps.

O rare,  
beyond compare,  
In England nere the like.

His lower jaw-bone's five yards long,  
The upper thrice so much,  
Twelve yoak of oxen stout and strong,  
The weight of it is such,  
Could not once stir it out o'th sands ;  
Thus works the All-creating hands !

O rare,  
beyond compare,  
In England nere the like.

Some have a project now in hand,  
Which is a tedious taske,  
When the sea turnes, to bring to land  
The same with empty cask :  
But how I cannot well conceive,  
To each man's judgement that I leave.

O rare,  
beyond compare,  
In England nere the like.

The lower jaw-bone nam'd of late,  
 Hath teeth in't thirty foure,  
 Whereof some of them are in weight  
 Two pounds or rather more :  
 There were no teeth i'th upper jaw,  
 But holes, which many people saw.  
 O rare,  
 beyond compare,  
 In England nere the like.

*The second part, to the same tune.*

His . . . . . is in length foure yards,  
 Big as a man i'th wast.  
 This monster he who well regards,  
 From th' first unto the last,  
 By every part may motives find,  
 To wonder at this wondrous kind.  
 O rare, &c.

The tongue on't is so mighty large,  
 I will it not expresse,  
 Lest I your credit over-charge,  
 But you may easily guesse,  
 That sith his shape so far excels,  
 The tongue doth answer all parts else.  
 O rare, &c.

A man on horseback, as 'tis try'd,  
 May stand within his mouth :  
 Let none that hears it this deride,  
 For tis confirm'd for truth,  
 By those who dare avouch the same ;  
 Then let the writer beare no blame.  
 O rare, &c.

His nerves or sinewes like Bulls . . . ,  
 For riding rods some use,  
 O' spermaceti there's some vessels ;  
 If this be the worst newes,  
 That of this monster we shall heare,  
 All will be well I doe not feare.  
 O rare, &c.

Already sixteene tuns of oyle  
 Is from this fish extracted,  
 And yet continually they boyle,  
 No season is protracted :  
 It cannot be imagin'd how much  
 'Twill yeeld, the vastnesse on't is such.  
 O rare, &c.

When he upon the sands was cast  
 Alive, which was awhile,  
 He yell'd so loud, that many (agast)  
 Heard him aboue sixe mile ;  
 Tis said the female fish likewise  
 Was heard to mourne with horrid cryes.  
 O rare, &c.

The mariners of Chester say  
 A herring-hog tis nam'd :  
 What ere it be, for certaine they  
 That are for knowledge fam'd,  
 Affirme, the like in ages past  
 Upon our coast was never cast.  
 O rare,  
 beyond compare,  
 In England nere the like.

There is no date to this ballad, but it bears the initials M. P., probably Martin Parker, a well-known ballad-writer in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was "printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the sign of the Hors-shoo in Smithfield," and we are further informed, "There is a book to satisfie such as desire a larger description hereof."

Malone has given the following extract from the MS. office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, "A license to James Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, the 3rd of September, 1632;" and in Maime's comedy of the City Match, one of the characters is introduced, "hanging out the picture of a *strange fish*." It may, therefore, have been a popular kind of exhibition in Shakespeare's time.

SECTION VII. HEYWOOD'S PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE TO  
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF RICHARD III.

[From Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues, 12mo., 1637, p. 247.]

*A young witty lad playing the part of Richard the third at the Red Bull, the author, because hee was interested in the Play, to incourage him, wrote him this Prologue and Epilogue.*

*The boy the speaker.*

If any wonder by what magick charme  
Richard the third is shrunke up like his arme:  
And where in fulnesse you expected him,  
You see me onely crawling like a limme  
Or piece of that knowne fabrick, and no more,  
(When he so often hath beene view'd before.)

Let all such know: a rundlet ne'er so small,  
Is call'd a vessell, being a tunne, that's all.

Hee's tearm'd a man that showes a dwarfish thing,  
 No more's the guard or porter to the king.  
 So pictures in small compasse I have seene,  
 Drawne to the life, as neare as those have beene  
 Ten times their bignesse : Christenmas loaves are bread,

So's your least manchet : have you never read  
 Large folio sheets which printers overlooke,  
 And cast in small to make a pocket booke ?  
 So Richard is transform'd : if this disguise  
 Show me so small a letter for your eyes,  
 You cannot in this letter read me plaine,  
 Hee'l next appeare in texted hand againe.

*The Epilogue.*

Great I confesse your patience hath now beene,  
 To see a little Richard : who can win  
 Or praise, or credit ? eye, or thinke to excell  
 By doing after what was done so well ?  
 It was not my ambition to compare  
 No envie or detraction : such things are  
 In men of more growne livers, greater spleene,  
 But in such lads as I am seldome seene.  
 I doe, but like a child, who sees one swim,  
 And (glad to learne) will venter after him,  
 Though he be soundly duckt for't ; or, to tell  
 My mind more plainely, one that faine would spell  
 In hope to read more perfect : all the gaines  
 I expect for these unprofitable paines,  
 Is, that you would at parting from this place  
 Doe but unto my littlenesse that grace  
 To spie my worth, as I have seene dimme eyes  
 To looke through spectacles or perspectives,  
 That in your gracious view I may appeare  
 Of small, more great ; of coming far off, neare.



SECTION VIII. THREE CURIOUS BALLADS FROM AN EARLY MANUSCRIPT IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD; INCLUDING ONE ON TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The constancy of Troilus was by no means an unusual subject for allusion in Elizabethan writers, and indeed was often adduced as an example for a lover's fidelity. But the commentators have recovered no proof that the tale was introduced into the ballad literature of Shakespeare's time, with the exception of an entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in 1581, of "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida." To this entry may be added another, in 1565, of "A ballet intituled the History of Troilus, whose troth had well been tryed."<sup>1</sup> I have the satisfaction of offering the members of the Shakespeare Society a copy of another contemporary ballad on the same subject, which is the first that has yet been discovered; the two ballads just mentioned not being at present known to exist. It occurs in a MS. collection of early poetry in the Ashmolean Museum, written probably at various times, but certainly formed entirely in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and is the same volume from which Hearne printed the early copy of Chevy Chase. Other extracts from this MS. will also be found in the British Bibliographer, iv., 107, &c.

The perusal of the following ballad will, I think, recall to the reader's recollection the scenes between Troilus and Cressida in Shakespeare's play, act iii., sc. 2, and act iv., sc. 2; but it will be observed that it implies a somewhat different tale at the commencement. In the play we miss the scorn that the ballad imputes to Troilus for all "that longeth to merry game;" the latter word being of course employed in the same sense in

<sup>1</sup> See Warton's History of English Poetry, ed. 1840., iii., 337.

which it is so frequently found in our early metrical romances. It would be an idle question to pursue the inquiry whether Shakespeare had seen the present ballad. His obvious obligations to Chaucer render any opinion of the kind unnecessary ; but still it illustrates very curiously the popularity of the subject, and must be considered an interesting addition to the criticisms on that play.

Two other pieces in the same volume appeared so curious and interesting, that I have taken the opportunity of adding them to the Shakesperian ballad. One is an unknown production by Elderton, which was entered without his name on the Stationers' Registers in 1570, licensed to Wylliam Pekeynge as "a ballet intituled Lenton Stuffe." It describes the articles sold in the time of Lent, with punning observations upon them. The other is the supposed effusion of a clown consoling himself on his mistress becoming the vicar's wife, which is a truly curious specimen of that class of compositions. A fragment of this latter ballad is written on the margin of a much earlier MS. in the Public Library at Cambridge, marked Ff. ii., 38.

## I.

[From the MS. Ashmole 48, fol. 120.]

*To the tune of Fayne woold I fynd sum pretty thyng to geere  
unto my lady.*

When Troylus dwelt in Troy towne,  
A man of nobell fame-a,  
He schorned all that loved the lyne  
That longd to merry game-a.

He thawght his hart so overthwart,  
His wysdom was so suer-a,  
That nature could not frame by art  
A bewty hym to lure-a.

Tyll at the last he cam to churche,  
Where Cressyd sat and prayed-a ;  
Whose lookes gave Troylus suche a lurch,  
Hys hart was all dysmayde-a !

And beynge wrap in bewtyse bands,  
In thorny thawghts dyd wander ;  
Desyrynge help, of hys extreemes,  
Of her dere unkell Pandare.

When Pandar dyd perceve the payne  
That Troylus dyd endure-a,  
He fownde the mene to lurch agayne  
The hart with Troylus lured.

And to hys neece he dyd commend  
The state of Troylus then-a ;  
Wyll yow kyll Troylus ? God defend !  
He ys a nobell man-a.

With that went Troylus to the fyld,  
With many a lusty thwake-a,  
With bluddy steede and battred sheeld,  
To put the Grecians bak-a.

And whyle that Cressyd dyd remayne,  
And sat in Pandares place-a,  
Poore Troylus spared for no rayne,  
To wyn hys ladyse grace-a.

Yet boldly thowgh he cowld the waye  
The spere and sheeld to breke-a,  
When he came where hys lady lay,  
He had no power to speke-a.

But humbly kneelynge on hys knee,  
With syghes dyd love unfolde-a ;  
Her nyght-gowne then delyvered she,  
To keepe hym from the colde-a.

For shame, quoth Pandar to hys neece,  
I spek yt for no harme-a ;  
Of yower good bed spare hym a peece,  
To keepe hys body warme-a.

With that went Troylus to her bed,  
With tremblynge foote, God wot-a !  
I not remembrynge what the dyd,  
To fynysh love or not-a.

Then Pandare, lyke a wyly pye,  
That cowlde the matter handell,  
Stept to the tabell by and by,  
And forthe he blewe the candell.

Then Cressyd she began to scryke,  
And Pandare gan to brawle-a ;  
Why, neece, I never sawe yower lyke,  
Wyll yow now shame us all-a ?

Away went Pandare by and by,  
Tyll mornynge came agayne-a ;  
God day, my neece, quoth Pandare, je !  
But Cressyd smyled then-a.

In faythe, old unkell, then quoth she,  
Yow are a frend to trust-a ?  
Then Troylus lawghed, and wat yow why ?  
For he had what he lust-a.

Allthowghe there love began so coye,  
 As lovers can yt make-a ;  
 The harder won the greter joy,  
 And so I dyd awake-a !

## II.

[From the same MS., fol. 115.]

*A newe ballad entytuled Lenton Stuff,  
 For a lyttell munny ye maye have inowghe.*

*To the tune of the Crampe.*

Lenton Stuff ys cum to the towne,  
 The clensynge weeke cums quicklye ;  
 Yow knowe well inowghe yow must kneele downe,  
 Cum on, take asshe trykly,  
 That nether are good fleshe nor fyshe,  
 But dyp with Judas in the dyshe,  
 And keepe a rowte not worthe a ryshe.

Herrynge, herrynge, whyte and red !  
 Seeke owt suche as be rotten ;  
 Thowghe sum be hanged and sum be dede,  
 And sum be yet forgotten,  
 The tyme wyll tam the displynge rod,  
 Thowghe idolls dum make many od,  
 Wyll fyrk owt som that feare not God.

Walffet oysters, salt and greene,  
 Are trym metes to be eaten ;  
 Trusty subjects to there queene,  
 Neede never to be beten ;  
 And a sallet sure as God exceedes,  
 And must procure dysgestion needes,  
 That's pyct so pure yt hathe no weedes.

Lylly whyte muskells have no peere,  
The fyshewyves fetche them quyklye ;  
So he that hathe a consciens cleere,  
May stand to hys takkell tryklye.  
But he that seekest to set to sale,  
Suche baggage as ys olde and stale,  
He ys lyke to tell another tale.

Newe place, newe at every tyde,  
Thys ys the common cravyng ;  
In every place let them be tryde,  
That are of yll behavyng.  
For suche as of beyond say smell,  
The cam to far to savor well,  
As I here the common people tell.

Carp ys cownted verry good,  
A trym fyshe and a daynty ;  
But yf yt smell out of the mud,  
Whole geeve a grawte for twenty ?  
So suche as carp at every thyng,  
Whereof no good accord doethe spryng,  
To the carren crows there carkas flyng.

Goodgyuns make a goodly dyshe,  
For suche chees as be syklye ;  
And as yt ys a foolyshe fyshe,  
And wyll be taken quyklye,  
So many a goodgyn nowadayse  
Is cawght and coseynd sundry wayse,  
To make a foole at all assayse.

And as thys Lent tyme, many seekes  
For yerbs and sallets daynty,

I never in my lyf saw lykes,  
In every place so plentye ;  
For every man lykes what he lust,  
And as he lykes he puts hys trust,  
So fewe or non belyke be just.

Of nettells lykwyse there be store,  
In sallets at thys season ;  
For men be nettled more and more  
With palltryse passynge reson ;  
And sum uppon a nettell . . . . ,  
That see not where the nettell ys,  
And many a on fynds fault at thys.

Fygs, thowghe fewe com owt of Spayne,  
Thys Lent tyme are grete plentye ;  
There ys suche discord and dysdayne,  
That fygs can not be deynty.  
For a fyg for yow, saythe John to Jone ;  
And a fyg for thee, saythe man to man ;  
And a fyg for yowe all, do what you can.

Reasons gret and reasons small,  
Undoubted a grete meanye,  
Have byn thys Lent at Westminster Hall,  
And sold for many a penny ;  
And nowe to London be the cum,  
To the Burs, I thynk, to talk with sum,  
For deynty mouthes wyll not be domme.

Pepper ys come to a marvelous pryce,  
Som say, thys Lenton season ;  
And every body that ys wyse  
May soone perceve the reson :

For every man takes pepper i' the nose  
 For the waggyng of a strawe, God knowse,  
 With every waverynge wynd that blowese.

With mace I mene to make an end,  
 For after pepper lyghtly,  
 The maces many men do send,  
 That glyster fayre and bryghtlye ;  
 And he that meetethe with that mace,  
 Is sure to have a restyng place,  
 Tyll the law and he have tryde the case.

Then Jake à Lent comes justlyng in  
 With the hedpeece of a herynge ;  
 And saythe, repent yowe of yower syn,  
 For shame, syrs, leve yower swerynge ;  
 And to Palme Sonday doethe he ryde,  
 With sprots and herryngs by hys syde,  
 And makes an end of Lenton tyde !

*Finis quothe W. Elderton.*

### III.

[From the same manuscript, fol. 137.]

Adew ! my pretty pussy,  
 Yow pynche me verry nere ;  
 Yowre soden parture thus,  
 Hathe chawnged muche my chere !  
 But turn agayne and bas me,  
 For yf that yow pas me,  
 A better grownd shall gras me  
 Untyll another yere !



Thowghe yow make yt daynty,  
Wemen wyll be plenty ;  
When won man shall have twenty,  
There wyll be bownsynge chere.

Prynce Arthure cums agayne, syr,  
So tellethe me myne host ;  
Dick Swashe keepes Salesbury plane, syr,  
And schowrethe styll the cost ;  
But Jayne wyll jest no more, syr,  
Tyb was borde before,  
Kate she keepes the schore, syr,  
And schores yt on the post.  
Talk of other knaks, syr,  
Fyll no empty saks, syr,  
Put no fyre to flax, syr,  
Lest all yowre gaynes be lost !

The market wyll be mard, syr,  
Yf corn and cattell faule ;  
The syt but at reward, syr,  
That sarwen in slovens haull.  
Put pres amunghst the best, syr,  
Smell owt every fest, syr,  
Shrynke not for a jest, syr,  
Stand up and tak no fawle.  
For he that fumes and frets, syr,  
Syldom payse hys dets, syr ;  
Smaule gaynes myne ostys gets, syr,  
When cards are cownted all.

My pretty wenche dothe smyle, syr,  
To here me tell thys tale ;  
I wou'd ryde many a myle, syr,  
To carry suche a male :

For sche can syt asyde, syr,  
Lyke a vyckars bryde, syr,  
With all her poynts untyde, syr,  
    When she hathe in her ale :  
But when she cums in place, syr,  
Then she hydes her face, syr,  
Thys ys all her grace, syr,  
    When her ale she sets to sell.

The peopell talk and prate, syr,  
    Of pus and her short lyff :  
And of her mariage late, syr,  
    Men say there ys grete stryff.  
But the gyrld ys gon, syr,  
With a chokyng bon, syr,  
For she hathe got Syr John, syr,  
    And ys ower vyckars wyff :  
This ys no les indeede, syr,  
Then holy church dothe breede ;  
Suche serves a turn at neede, syr,  
    To whet a blunted knyff.

Syns pus wyll part from me, syr,  
    And do me thus muche wronge,  
Chyll have as good as she, syr,  
    Before that yt be longe.  
Pus ys not contented,  
Full oft she hath repented  
That ever she consented,  
    And thynks she hathe gret wronge  
But cowrtiers can not carve,  
Except the tyme dothe serve, syr,  
Thowghe thys be overthwart, syr,  
    Remember me amunge !

*Finis.*

## SECTION IX. FORMAN ON SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

It is a singular circumstance that the following notices of four plays should be the only records of Forman's attachment to theatrical amusements, and that three out of those four should relate to the compositions of Shakespeare. The plot of Richard II., as described by Forman, entirely differs from that of Shakespeare's play under the same title, but Mr. Amyot conjectures that the play which Forman saw might be a *first part* of Richard II., and by Shakespeare; the existing drama being a second part: but Mr. Collier contends, with more probability, that it was the play mentioned by Merrick. These singular documents were first printed by Mr. Collier, in his *New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare*, 8vo., Lond., 1836, to which interesting work, as well as his new edition of Shakespeare, I refer the reader for information regarding Forman's mistakes, &c. Mr. Collier has not preserved the old orthography, but documents of so important a character appear worthy of a few pages to be printed for the first time in exact concordance with the original MS.

[From MS. Ashmole 208, fol. 200-207.]

*The bocke of plaies and notes therof per Formans for common pollicie.*

*In Richard the 2 at the Glob, 1611, the 30. of Aprill,  
Tuesday.<sup>1</sup>*

Remember therin howe Jack Straw by his overmoch boldnes, not beinge pollickt nor suspecting anye thinge, was soddently at Smithfeld Bars stabbed by Walworth, the Major of London,

<sup>1</sup> Forman always uses astrological characters for the days of the week. The present has been misread by my predecessor; and it may be mentioned that it is somewhat difficult to find explanations of such characters.

and soe he and his wholle army was overthrowen ; therfore in such a case or the like, never admit any parly without a bar betwen, for a man cannot be to wise, nor kepe himselfe to safe.

Also remember howe the Duke of Gloster, the Errell of Arundell, Oxford and others, crossing the kinge in his humor about the Duke of Erland and Bushy, wer glad to fly and raise an hoste of men, and beinge in his castell, howe the D. of Erland cam by nighte to betray him with 300 men, but havinge pryvie warninge therof, kept his gates faste, and wold not suffer the enimie to enter, which went back again with a flie in his eare,<sup>1</sup> and after was slainte by the Errell of Arundell in the battell.

Remember also when the Duke and Arundell cam to London with their army, Kyng Richard came forth to them and met him, and gave them fair wordes, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well yf they wold discharge their army. Upon whose promises and fair speaches, they did yt ; and after, the king byd them all to a banket, and soe betraid them, and cut of their heades &c. because they had not his pardon under his hand and sealle before, but his worde.

Remember therin also howe the Duck of Lankaster pryvily contrived all villany to set them all together by the ears, and to mak the nobilyty to envy the kinge, and mislyke of him and his governmentes, by which means he made his own sonn king, which was Henry Bullinbrock.

Remember also howe the Duk of Lankaster asked a wise man wher himself should ever be kinge, and he told him no, but his sonn should be a kinge ; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labor, because he should not brute yt abroad or speke therof to others. This was a pollicie in the commonwealthes opinion, but I sai yt was a villains parte, and a Judas kisse to hange the man for telling him the truth.

<sup>1</sup> The common expression now is, a *flea* in his ear, which occurs in Clarke's *Phraseologia*, 1655.

Beware by this example of noble men and of their fair wordes, and sai lyttell to them, lest they doe the like by thee for thy goodwill.

*In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, the 15 of Maye,  
Wednesday.*

Observe ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cupberer to have poisoned [him] who gave the King of Bohemia warning therof and fled with him to Bohemia.

Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the aunswer of Apollo that she was giltles, and that the king was jelouse, &c. and howe, except the child was found again that was loste, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia his sonn married that wentch; and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed the letter of the nobleman, by whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewells found about her, she was knowen to be Leontes daughter and was then 16. yers old.

Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like roll pixci, and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosoned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and howe he changed apparrell with the Kinge of Bomia his sonn, and then howe he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse.

*Of Cimbalin King of England.*

Remember also the storie of Cymbalin King of England in Lucius tyme, howe Lucius cam from Octavus Cesar for tribut,

and being denied after sent Lucius with a greate armie of souldiards, who landed at Milford Haven, and affter wer vanquished by Cimbalin and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of 3 outlawes, of the which 2 of them were the sonns of Cimbelin, stolen from him, when they were but 2 yers old, by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonns 20 yers with him in Arcave. And howe of of them slewe Clotan that the quens sonn goinge to Milford Haven to set the love<sup>1</sup> of Innogen, the kinges daughter, whom he had banished also for lovinge his daughter, and howe the Italian that cam from her love conveied himself into a cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from hir love and others to be presented to the kinge. And in the depest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste and cam forth of yt, and vewed her in her bed and the markes of her body, and toke awai her braslet, and after accused her of adultery to her love &c. And in th'end howe he came with the Romains into England, and was taken prisoner, and after reveled to Imogen, who had turned herself into mans apparrell, and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven, and chanced to fall on the cave in the wodes wher her 2 brothers were, and howe by eating a sleping dram, they thought she had bin deed, and laid her in the wodes and the body of Cloten by her, in her loves apparrell that he left behind him, and howe she was found by Lucius &c.

*In Mackbeth at the Glob, 1610, the 20 of Aprill, Saturday.*<sup>2</sup>

Ther was to be observed firste howe Mackbeth and Bancko, 2 noblemeen of Scotland, ridinge thorowe a wod, ther stode

<sup>1</sup> That is, Posthumus.

<sup>2</sup> The 20th of April in 1610 fell on a Friday, but the 20th of April 1611 on Saturday. This affords a strong ground for believing that the date in the text is a mistake for 1611, and this latter is much more likely to be correct, being nearer the other dates. I have very little doubt that Cymbeline was seen by Forman also in the spring of 1611.

befor them 3 women feiries or numphes, and saluted Mackbeth, sayinge t. 3 tymes unto him "haille Mackbeth, King of Codon, for thou shalt be a kinge, but shalt beget no kinges, &c." Then said Bancko, "What all to Mackbeth and nothing to me?" Yer said the nimphes, "haille to the, Banko, thou shalt beget kinges, yet be no kinge;" and so they deperted, and cam to the courte of Scotland to Dunkin, King of Scotos, and yt was in the dais of Edward the Confesser. And Dunkin bad them both kindly wellcome, and made Mackbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland, and sent him hom to his own castell, and appointed Mackbeth to provid for him, for he wold sup with him the next dai at night, and did soe. And Mackebeth contrived to kill Dunkin, and thorowe the persuasion of his wife, did that night murder the kinge in his own castell, beinge his guest. And then were many prodigies seen that night and the dai before. And when Mackbeth had murdred the kinge, the blod on his handes could not be washed of by any means, nor from his wives handes, which handled the bluddi daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both moch amazed and affrouted. The murder being knowen, Dunkins 2 sonns fled theen to England the Walles to save themselves. They beinge fled, they were supposed guilty of the murder of their fater, which was nothing so. Then was Mackbeth crowned kinge, and then he, for feare of Banko his old companion, that he should beget kinges but be no kinge himself, he contrived the death of Banko, and caused him to be murdred on the way as he rode. The next night, beinge at supper with his noble men, whom he had bid to a feaste, to the which also Banco should have com, he began to speake of noble Banco and to wish that he wer ther. And as he thus did, standing up to drinke a carouse to him, the ghoste of Banco came and sate down in his cheier behind him. And he turninge about to sit down again, sawe the goste of Banco, which frouted him so that he fell into a great passion of fear and fury, utteringe many wordes about his

murder, by which, when they hard that Banco was muredred, they suspected Mackbet.

Then Mackdove fled to England to the kinges sonn, and soe they raised an army, and cam into Scotland, and at Dunsenanyse overthruwe Mackbet. In the meane tyme, whille Mackdove was in England, Mackbet slewe Mackdoves wife and children, and after in the battelle Mackdove slewe Mackbet.

Observe also howe Mackbetes quen did rise in the night in her slepe and walked and talked and confessed all, and the docter noted her wordes.

#### SECTION X. SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

It is not quite needless, in the question of Shakespeare's popularity among his contemporaries and immediate successors, to ascertain how soon after the poet's death Stratford-on-Avon was singled out as memorable, on account of its being his birth-place, residence, and last resting-place. In 1662, Sir Thomas Browne in one of his journeys mentions "Shakspear tombe in Stretford" as an object worthy of special visit. See MS. Sloane, 1900, f. 15. I have recently met with a much earlier instance in a work printed in 1639, in which the circumstance of its being the dramatist's birth-place is alluded to as the "most remarkable" connected with Stratford.

"One travelling through Stratford upon Avon, *a towne most remarkeable for the birth of famous William Shakespeare*, and walking in the church to doe his devotion, espied a thing there worthy observation, which was a tombestone laid more than three hundred yeeres agoe, on which was engraven an epitaph to this purpose: I, Thomas such-a-one, and Elizabeth, my wife, here under lie buried, and know, reader, I, R. C., and I, Christop<sup>h</sup>. Q. are alive at this howre to witnesse it." *A Banquet of Jestes, or Change of Cheare*, 12mo, Lond., 1639, No. 150.



SECTION XI. EPITAPH ON COMBE.

There appears to be considerable doubt whether the verses written by Shakespeare on Combe, the usurer, are preserved. Every one knows the epitaph on him attributed to Shakespeare, but this is found in many contemporary collections, and there is no sufficient evidence to establish the authorship. The following couplets, from an early manuscript, exhibit the popularity of Combe's epitaph under other forms, and applied to another person.

Here lyes 10 with 100 under this stone,  
A 100 to one but to th' divel hees gone.

*MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 11.*

Who is this lyes under this hearse?  
Ho, ho! quoth the divel, 'tis my Dr. Pearse.

*MS. Ibid., fol. 11.*

The editors of Shakespeare have omitted to notice a version given in a MS. at Oxford, nearly contemporary with Shakespeare:—

*On John Combe, a covetous rich man, Mr. Wm. Shakspear wright this att his request, while hee was yett liveing, for his epitaph.*

Who lies in this tomb?

Hough, quoth the devill, 'tis my son, John a Combe.

*But being dead, and making the poore his heiers, hee after wright this for his epitaph,*

Howere he lived, judge not.

John Combe shall never be forgott,

While poor hath memorye; for hee did gather

To make the poore his issue: hee, their father,

As record of his title and seede,  
 Did crowne him in his latter seede.    Finis, W. Shak.

*MS. Ashmole, 38, f. 180.*

SECTION XII.    EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

Few persons will be willing to confer on Shakespeare the merit of the four lines commencing "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear;" and if they happen to be superior to the miserable doggrel often exhibited on tombs by popular or individual fancy, there can, nevertheless, be little doubt either that the lines in question were commonly used for the purpose in Shakespeare's time, or were composed by a pen far below the great poet's in power or liberal feeling. Most probably the former, for Hackett tells us the same epitaph was to be seen in his time on a stone in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden. See *Select and Remarkable Epitaphs*, vol. i., p. 182. This epitaph was erected about eighty years after Shakespeare's. I give a somewhat similar one, hitherto inedited, from a MS. volume of poetical miscellanies, written about the year 1630, and preserved in Rawlinson's collection, in the Bodleian Library:—

*Epitaphe on a Bakere.*

For Jesus Christe his sake forbear  
 To dig the bones under this biere;  
 Blessed is hee who loues my duste,  
 But damnd bee he who moues this cruste!

SECTION XIII.    THOMAS AND JOHN SHAKESPEARE.

Whether the Thomas Shakespeare mentioned in the following documents be any relation to the poet, I have not been

able to ascertain ; but perhaps some one better read in the genealogy of his family will clear up this point. The originals are preserved at the Rolls' House, Chancery Lane.

xiii<sup>th</sup> October, 1571.

Thomas Shakspeare, one of the Quenes Maties messengers of the chamber, cravith allowaunce for rydinge from the courte at Richmonde with the counsayles lettres, in great haste to the right worshipfull Sir Walter Mildmay, knight, one of the Quenes majesties pryvie counsayle ; and from thence to Norwiche, and from Narwiche to a place called Bakenthorpe, to Sir Christofer Heydon, knight, which is twentie myles from Norwiche, and I was ffourthe tenn dayes.

*Allowe to hym aftre* } xxxiijs. iiijd.  
*iijs. iiijd. per diem* }

WA. MILDMAVE.

*Mensis Novembris anno Elizab : Reginae, xiiij<sup>o</sup>.*

Thomas Shakespeare, one of the Quenes Majesties Messengers, axithe allowaunce for his chardges rydinge at the comaundemente of the Right Honorable Sir Walter Myldemaye, knight, Chauncelare of thexcheker, from Westminster to Lincolne, for Trusteram Terwhyte, esquier, and dyd warne hym to apeare before his honor and the barnes of thexchekiere, wyche he dyd not acordinge to his bonde, and so by resone thereof, at his honours comandement rode to Lyncolne againe for him, and durste not come before his honore vntell suche tyme as he hade founde hym, and then brought hym before his honor, and dyscharged hymself of hym. Wherefore the sayde Shakespeare prayethe to haue allowaunce for his chardges and payis for xxxv. dayes at iijs. iiijd. the daye, and to be rated by the Right Honorable Sir Walter

Myldmaye, knight, and to be payde by one of the Quenes Majesties tellores of the recayte at Westminster.

Summa v<sup>li</sup> xvj<sup>s</sup> iiij<sup>d</sup>.

*Allow in recompence of this bill the somme of ffoure poundes.*

W. A. MILDMA YE.

In the same office I found the following notice of John Shakespeare, the bit-maker, who is mentioned in a MS. quoted by Mr. Collier:—

To John Shakespeare for one gilt bit for the saddle aforesaid, iij<sup>li</sup> xiiij<sup>s</sup> vj<sup>d</sup>. [1621.]

To John Shakespeare for xiiij. bittes, guilt silvered and chast, at v<sup>li</sup> x<sup>s</sup> a piece, iij<sup>xx</sup> xvij<sup>li</sup>.

For one payre of bosses, richly enameled, l<sup>s</sup>.

In an "Account for Tyllting," 1620, occurs this entry:—

To John Shakespeare for vij. bittes for the saddles aforesaid, at lijs vj<sup>d</sup> apiece, xviii<sup>li</sup> vijs vj<sup>d</sup>.

It appears to me that all early notices of the name of Shakespeare are worth preserving; as it is impossible to say, without very rigorous examination, that they may not in some way be connected with the poet's family.

#### SECTION XIV. THE YOUNG GALLANT'S WHIRLIGIG.

There are few who will not be pleased to have a reprint of this most curious and interesting tract, which is so excessively rare that Sir Egerton Brydges supposes only one copy to be in existence. See his *Restituta*, iii., 508. Besides his printed works, Lenton wrote the "Poetical History of Queene Hester, with the translation of the 83rd psalm, reflecting upon the present times," MS., dated 1649. The allusions to Ben Jonson,

the theatres, &c., render the following piece one within our design, and a perusal will convince the reader that its curiosity is a sufficient apology for its introduction.

The Yovng Gallants Whirligigg, or, Yovths Reakes, demonstrating the inordinate affections, absurd actions, and profuse expences of vnbridled and affectated youth. With their extravagant courses, and preposterous progressions and aversions. Together with the too often deare bought experience, and the rare, or too late regression and reclamation of most of them from their habituall ill customes, and vnqualified manners.

*Vsitatum peccatum, peccatum non videtur.*

Compiled and written by F. L.

*Nemo læditur nisi à seipso.*

Ergo :

*Iam vitulos hortare, riamque insiste domandi,*

*Dum faciles animi juvenum; dum mobilis ætas.—Virg.*

London : printed by M. F. for Robert Bostocke, at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Churchyard. 1629.

To the Right Honourable Sir Julius Cæsar, Knight,  
Master of the Rolls, and one of his Majesties  
most Honourable Privy Counsell.

Right Honourable,

Observing the by-paths of this prodigall generation, and having contracted myselfe within a smaller and narrower compasse then the loosnes of too many do admit, I thought it not amisse (seeing examples take no impression in the lives of lascivious youths) to venture upon a checke to their follies, by way of precept, in some briefe impolisht numbers, suiting with the common enormities of these times. And in regard that I once belonged to the Innes of Court, and have a long time, (as well by generall reports as my owne particular knowledge,) beene an eye wnesse of your loyalty in your place, piety in

your family, clemency toward poore clyents, charity to the needy, and courtesie to all, I have presumed (under your honours favour,) to present you with a piece of an houres recreation, licenc'd by good authority. I am no usuall poetizer, but to barre Idleness have imployed that little talent the Muses have confer'd upon me in this little tract. If it shall please your honor but to warme it under your noble wings, no doubt but it will grow bigger and better, and encourage me to write a more large and solid labor. Accept it, then, right honorable, and peruse it but with the tythe of that respect which my duty and devotion presents it, and none shall be more truly gratefull to your so much honoured gravitie, then,

Your honors most humbly obliged,

FRA. LENTON.

*To three sorts of Readers.*

You home-bred Dotards wonted to relate  
 The tedious stories of a quondam state,  
 Tye up your tongues, and now with admiration,  
 Behold the times preposterous alteration :  
 If your experience will finde out the truth,  
 Like Æson, your old age must turne to youth.  
 You gilded Snow-balls, and aspiring Sprights,  
 That nought discerne but sensuall delights,  
 That throw away your dayes before you can  
 Truly deserve the epithete of Man :  
 Observe these numbers, and impolisht layes,  
 Which, though they cannot merit any bayes,  
 May (if you please) as in a looking-glasse,  
 Shew you the follies of a golden asse.  
 I doe not satyryze, but still desire,  
 In loving zeale, and true fraternall fire,  
 T'informe your judgements by some men's decay,  
 And, by their wandring, point you perfect way.

Precepts are good, but if you them refuse,  
Your owne example may make good my muse.

You tender Blades, not ripened by the Times,  
That know, nor Vertue, nor the moderne crimes,  
Whose understandings cannot apprehend  
How farre your Will, your Reason doth extend :  
Whose softer mindes and young progressions  
Are apt for any faire impressions,  
Behold foule Vice, clad in a gorgeous ray,  
And pined Vertue, patcht in poorest gray,  
Take heede in time, be happy if you can,  
See, and forsake by this unhappy man :  
But if according to your youthfull dayes,  
You will be mad, and memorate your praise  
By your loose Actions, spinning out your thred  
In vanitie, untill your fatall bed  
Surprise you unawares, and take you hence  
Before your soules have thought of penitence,  
Know, when your Ignorance hath had full scope,  
You'l curse your selves if ere your eyes be ope,  
And thinke too late, of what I finde too true,  
As more have done, as well as I or you.

VALE.

*A Fiction by way of Argument on this Booke.*

Pondering the pathes of this polluted age,  
And viewing every scene upon the stage  
Of this vile orbe, methought I did behold  
A giddy spirit in an Isle of Gold ;  
His head, methought, was like a Windmill bigge,  
In which ten thousand thoughts run Whirligigg ;  
Inclos'd he was (not by delusive dreames)  
With reall lustre of Pactola's streames ;

In which he proudly sailes with glorious deckes,  
 Untill the frigide zone his passage checkes,  
 By hard congealed Rocks, by which he split  
 His goodly Bulke ; shipwrackt himselfe and it.  
 But Neptune, tendring his unhappy goare,  
 Commands the waves to cast him on the shoare,  
 Where, when awhile in mind he had forecast  
 His sinne against the gods by times ill past,  
 Jove sent his messenger to tell him yet  
 Pallas had promis'd wisdom to his wit :  
 This rais'd his spirits, and twixt grieve and zeale,  
 By bright Apollo's ayde, rings youth a Peale.

*The Whirligigg.*

Leaving the learned axiomes of old,  
 Which grave Philosophers have wisely told,  
 And left behind them in a morall booke,  
 For childish youth and crooked age to looke,  
 I doe intend to explicate some crimes  
 Now perpetrated in these moderne times,  
 Which differ from the olderne dayes as farre  
 As is the Artique from th'Antartique starre.

And thou, Caliope, thou noble Muse,  
 Into my braines thy Cælique power infuse,  
 That I may plainly point out my intent,  
 For youth to know, and knowing to prevent ;  
 And though some critiques may suppose me vaine,  
 To write these Numbers in heroicke straine ;  
 They being used at sad Obsequies,  
 By weeping lines in dolefull Elegies ;  
 To satisfie their pregnant wits in this,  
 I tell them I was one of those remisse  
 And giddy youths, which wandred in the ayre  
 Of vaine opinion, and excluding Care ;



But when my riper yeeres began to spy  
The end thereof to be but misery,  
And when I saw their fond and idle crashes,  
To be like meteors, onely spent in flashes,  
I did retire then from that deepe abyссе  
Where horrid Gorgons doe both sting and hysse,  
And dying from that life, as on my herse,  
I wrote these numbers in heroick Verse.

But now my Gallants Age I meane to skan,  
Of infancy, of childhood, youth and man :  
The former two I will but onely touch,  
Lest his two following ages prove too much.

When at his mother's tender paps hee lay,  
How did she wait upon him every day,  
Tyring herselfe by tossing in her armes  
His grisly body, keeping it from harmes :  
And when his growth hath lent him legs to goe,  
Reeling and tottering then both to and fro,  
How often did she watch, and cry, and call,  
"Take heede the little boy there doth not fall."  
Her ardent care, joyn'd with her constant eye,  
Did still attend his imbecilitie.  
Her wombe and breasts in which he did delight,  
He never shall be able to requite.

His Childhood next (unlesse he was a foole,)  
Required them to put him unto schoole,  
Where in processe of time he grew to bee  
A pretty scholler ; after, tooke degree  
I'th' Universitie, as it was fit,  
Whose Tutor said hee had a ready wit,  
And well could argue by old Ramus layes,  
And in the thirteene fallacies had praise.  
Hee well could skill upon brave Kickerman,  
And argue soundly ore a pipe or can,

For schollers sometime to an alehouse creeping,  
Increase their wits more then in bookes by peeping.

Now all this while hee had not his full scope,  
Therefore they did conceive of him great hope :  
His Tutor was the man that kept him in,  
That hee ran not into excesse of sinne.  
His literature fill'd his parents' hearts  
With joy and comfort, hoping his deserts  
Might purchase credit and a good report,  
And therefore send him to the Innes of Court,  
To study Lawes, and never to surcease,  
Till he be made a justice for the peace.

Now, here the ruine of the youth begins ;  
For when the country cannot finde out sinnes  
To fit his humour, London doth invent  
Millions of vices, that are incident  
To his aspiring minde ; for now one yeare  
Doth elevate him to a higher sphere,  
And makes him thinke he hath atchieved more,  
Then all his fathers auncestors before.  
Now thinkes his father, here's a goodly sonne,  
That hath approached unto Littleton,  
But never lookt on't—for, instead of that  
Perhaps hee's playing of a game at Cat.  
No, no, good man, hee reades not Littleton,  
But *Don Quix-Zot*, or els *The Knight o'th Sun* :  
And if you chance unto him put a case,  
Hee'll say, perhaps, you offer him disgrace,  
Or else, upon a little further pawse,  
Will sweare hee never could abide the lawes :  
That they are harsh, confused—and, to be plaine,  
Transcend the limits of his shallow braine.  
Instead of Perkins pedlers French, he sayes  
He better loves Ben Johnson's booke of playes,

But that therein of wit he findes such plenty,  
That hee scarce understands a jest of twenty ;  
Nay, keepe him there untill the day of doome,  
Hee'le ne'er reade out *Natura Brevium*,  
But, Ovid-like, against his father's minde,  
Finde pleasant studies of another kinde.

Now, twice the Sun his annuall course hath fittid  
Since first this goodly Gallant was admitted,  
And now, as hee approacheth towards the Barre,  
His friends and parents very jocund are ;  
And, to incourage him in the Lawes lore,  
He spends much money, and they send him more.  
He ruffles now in sattin, silke, and plush,  
And oftentimes soliciteth the bush.  
Imbroydred suits, such as his father ne'er  
Knew what they meant, nor hee knowes how to wear.  
This golden Asse, in this hard iron age,  
Aspireth now to sit upon the stage ;  
Lookes round about, then viewes his glorious selfe,  
Throws mony here and there, swearing hang pelfe,  
As if the splendor of his mightinesse  
Should never see worse dayes, or feele distresse :  
His quoyne expended by alluring hookes,  
His parents him supply to buy him bookes,  
As hee pretends : but, 'stead of Coke's Reports,  
Hee's fencing, dauncing, or at other sports.

Thus he affects himselfe in these fond wayes,  
To gaine an outward superficiall praise  
Amongst a crew, of sense so much bereft,  
They scarcely know the right hand from the left.

His dauncing master he supposeth can  
Make him a right accomlisht gentleman,  
Although his birth abridg'd it : therefore hee  
Now learnes the postures of the cap and knee,

Carrying his body in as curious sort  
 As any reveller in the Innes of Court,  
 That ladies doe behold him with some pleasure,  
 Capring Corantoes, or some smooth-fac'd measure,  
 And in the end of his so active dance,  
 Some crooked lady claps her hands by chance,  
 Which addes such fuell to his kindled fire,  
 That hee outstrips proud Phæton's desire.  
 And should great Juno but approach so nie,  
 He durst presume to court her Deitie.

Now Venus hath him in her lovely armes,  
 And the blind boy provokes him with his charms,  
 Casting from beauteous objects piercing darts,  
 Which strike fond lovers to their fiery harts,  
 Which, being once inflamed, still doth burne,  
 Untill their fuell unto ashes turne.  
 Hee now courts everything hee heares or sees,  
 With more delight then Lawyers take their fees,  
 And when he is farre distant from his faire,  
 (Through ardencie,) he complements with ayre,  
 Wishing (camelion-like) that hee might live  
 Inclos'd within the breath which she doth give.  
 All amorous conceits he now commends,  
 And for the same his mony vainly spends.  
 He now scornes prose, and on his mistres' name  
 Writes an acrostique, or some anagramme,  
 To shew his wit ; and therefore hee hath got  
 Some Poetaster for a double pot,  
 To lend his aide unto his thin-sculd braine,  
 To paint her praises in a lofty straine,  
 By some encomiastique adulation,  
 To which she hath or small or no relation :  
 The Poet undertakes it on condition,  
 Hee spends a quart of sacke for expedition.

And then hee sends it unto Mistress Tit,  
In his owne name, though by another's wit.  
Thus, when in streets hee shall be seene to passe,  
The Poet sayes, There goes a simple asse,  
And makes it unto his associates knowne,  
Hee writes good lines, but never writes his owne.

Your theaters hee daily doth frequent,  
(Except the intermitted time of Lent)  
Treasuring up within his memory  
The amorous toyes of every Comedy  
With deepe delight ; whereas, he doth appeare  
Within God's Temple scarcely once a yeare,  
And that poore once more tedious to his minde,  
Then a yeares travell to a toiling hynd.  
Playes are the nurseries of vice, the bawd,  
That thorow the senses steales our hearts abroad,  
Tainting our eares with obscæne bawdery,  
Lascivious words, and wanton ribaulry.  
Charming the casements of our soules, the eyes,  
To gaze upon bewitching vanities,  
Beholding base loose actions, mimick gesture,  
By a poore boy clad in a princely vesture.  
These are the onely tempting baits of hell,  
Which draw more youth unto the damned cell  
Of furious lust, then all the devill could doe,  
Since he obtained his first overthrow.  
Here Idlenesse, mixt with a wandring minde,  
Shall such varietie of objects finde,  
That ten to one his will may breake the fence  
Of reason, and imbrace concupiscence :  
Or, if this misse, there is another ginne,  
Close linckt unto this taper house of sinne,  
That will intice you unto Bacchus feasts,  
'Mongst gallants that have bin his ancient guests,

There to carouse it till the welkin roare,  
Drinking full boles untill their bed's the floare :  
'Mongst these it is a customary fashion,  
To drinke their mistress' health with adoration,  
On bended knees, tossing whole flagons up,  
Untill their bellies fill againe the cup ;  
And when for more they throw down pots and yall,  
Their bladder's kindnesse is reciprocall ;  
Sweare, lye, stab, kill, adore their mistress eyes,  
More then the Master of th' Olympicke skies.  
Thus, more like beasts then men, devoid of reason,  
They please their pallates by committing treason  
Against their God, whose image they deface,  
Obscuring reason, and abhorring grace,  
Till Bacchus growing horn'd, enlarg'd with fury,  
Takes Atrapos his place without a jury ;  
And who can tell whether Elizium  
Receives their soules, or the infernall tombe ?  
What is not apt unto a drunken soule ?  
Even anything that is or base or foule :  
From no absurditie it is exempt,  
As daring any action to attempt.  
The five great crying sinnes of this our land,  
Which daily draweth downe God's heavy hand,  
Are incident to this vile watry sinne,  
That stickes so fast where it doth once begin,  
To sweare, to lie, to kill, to steale, to whore,  
With thousand other petty vices more.

Mark but the horrid oathes that men do sweare,  
As if from heaven their Maker they would teare,  
Adorning as they thinke their forged lyes,  
With hellish rhetorique of blasphemies ;  
Rejecting that which once the Lord did say,  
Let yea be yea, and let your nay be nay,

Forgetting what a curse and fatall blame  
Shall waite on them that crucifie his name.

Lying the next, in which vaine youths delight,  
But such ne'er tarried in David's sight,  
For they that doe invent and frame such evill,  
Are of their damned father call'd the devill ;  
And if in time they looke not well about,  
Shall keepe them company that are shut out.

The third is homicide, that cruell crime,  
That seld or never doth at any time  
Outlive its punishment ! for the Law is good  
And just, that doth require blood for blood.  
But most of all when done on such false ground,  
As in ebrietie is often found.

The fourth is theft, the droane of Commonwealths,  
That never favoereth the goods or healths  
Of brethren, neighbours, that desire to thrive,  
And by hard labour have encreas'd their hive,  
No sooner got, but straight this crafty droane  
By rapine takes, and spends it as his owne.  
The Law condemnes, the Gall-house is prepar'd,  
Many are truss'd for this, but few deterr'd.

The fift is whoredome and Adulterie,  
Daughters of drunkennes and gluttonie,  
By these and lazinesse they are begot,  
As once appeared by the righteous Lot :  
O ! would but once that act had ever bin,  
Then wee had scap'd, and Lot had borne that sin.

And now my lusty gallant, still resolv'd,  
Into the middle region is involv'd,  
Which though it coldest be of constitution,  
Yet doth it not allay his resolution.  
Old Dædalus his father being dead,  
He now begins to take a greater head ;

With Icarus he purposeth to flye  
As high as heaven, but marke !—and presently,  
Great Phœbus by his power melts his wings,  
And headlong to the sea his body flings.  
His fortunes drown'd, his corps the fishes prey,  
His fiery braines quencht in the brinish sea.  
For now his fathers lands, bonds, golden bags,  
Buyes him a coach, foure Flanders mares, two nags,  
A brace of geldings, and a brace of whores,  
The one for pockes, the other plaines and moores :  
Viewing his chariot and his rich attire,  
Makes him beleeve the world is all on fire.  
He courts it now even at the court indeed,  
Sometimes on gennet, sometimes English steed,  
Pacing with lacques in the paved streets,  
In glory bowing to each friend he meets,  
(Too prodigall of his fam'd courtesie,  
Which may be term'd a proud humilitie,)  
The estridge on his head, with beaver rare,  
Upon his hands a Spanish sent to weare.  
Haires curl'd, eares pearl'd, with Bristows brave and bright,  
Bought for true diamonds in his false sight ;  
All ore perfum'd, and, as for him tis meete,  
His body's clad i'th silkwormes winding sheete.  
Now, thus accoutred and attended to,  
In Court and citie there's no small adoe  
With this young stripling, that obraids the gods,  
And thinkes. 'twixt them and him, there is no ods :  
A haughty looke, a more superbious minde,  
And yet, amongst his equalls, too-too kinde.  
A wanton eye, and a lascivious heart,  
That sees no danger, till hee feeles the smart :  
Now, as where tamest feathered fowles abound,  
Foxes keepe station, and walke that round,



So, when a raw yong heire is come to land,  
 He shall have foxes waite on every hand ;  
 When wealth increaseth to a prodigall,  
 Who will profusely waste and spend it all,  
 There is vaine-glory, and, without all doubt,  
 The flatterer will finde that fellow out,  
 To soothe him in his grosse and humerous waies,  
 That neither doe deserve nor love nor praise :  
 For when such men doe in applause delight,  
 They presently beget a parasite,  
 Who, by insinuating adulation,  
 Debase themselves to others elevation :  
 This cringing serpent ile no longer smother,  
 But give the knave to him, and foole to th' other.

The Cockpit heretofore would serve his wit,  
 But now upon the Fryers stage hee'll sit ;  
 It must be so, though this expensive foole,  
 Should pay an angell for a paltry stoole.  
 The largest tavernes of the neatest fashion  
 Hee doth frequent—hee drinkes for recreation.  
 Your Ordinaries, and your Gaming-schooles,  
 (The game of Mercuries, the mart of fooles)  
 Doe much rejoyce when his gold doth appeare,  
 Sending him empty with a flea in's eare ;  
 And when hee's gone, to one another laugh,  
 Making his meanes the subject of their scoffe,  
 And say, it's pity hee's not better taught,  
 Hee's a faire gamester, but his lucke is nought.  
 In the meanetime, his pockets being scant,  
 Hee findes a lurcher to supply his want,  
 One that ere-long, by playing in-and-in,  
 Will carry all his Lordship in a skin ;  
 Yet, as insensible of that device,  
 As minding more his pleasure, cards, and dice,

Before the sun hath run his circle round,  
He in the center of his game is found,  
Hazarding that which late was lent unto him,  
Not dreaming any course can quite undoe him ;  
Thus by degrees his patrimonie wastes,  
Whilst he nor sees, heares, feeles, or smels, or tastes  
His folly, shame, abuse, deceit, or woe,  
That future times may force him undergoe,  
But makes progression in his wonted course,  
With as much understanding as a horse,  
Burning the cards, damning the dice that lost,  
Swearing and cursing, ne'er was man thus crost,  
Drinking out sorrow, whiffing sighes away,  
Converting day to night, and night to day,  
As if good nature had abus'd this wight,  
And done him wrong, that did himselfe no right.  
O, most insensible and sensuall beast,  
How are thy intellectuall powers decreast,  
Whose understanding is so much condense,  
That one would thinke his soule within his sense ;  
For any object that the sense doth move,  
Drawes on affection, and affection love ;  
Love being settled by its powerfull might  
Upon or good, or bad, attracts delight ;  
Delight breeds custome, and by times progresse,  
Engendreth a foule monster, call'd Excesse :  
Excesse joyes in extreames, whose violence  
Is alwayes opposite to permanence,  
Thus giving way to appitituall guile,  
They force poore Reason to a farre exile.

But stay, my muse, you must not dare to flye  
Into the secrets of moralitie,  
But still proccede i'th path you have begun,  
Untill the setting of this rising sun,

Who in his highest sphere now seated is,  
In the *Solstitium* of his ayrie blisse.  
Bent to his bane, through prodigall expence,  
Luxury, drunkennes, incontinence,  
Pride of apparell, and vaine-glorious acts,  
Painted delusions, ignominious facts,  
Seducing harlots, sucking parasites,  
Bewitching syrens, and lascivious nights,  
Abusive cheatings, and illusive friends,  
That seem'd to love him for sinister ends,  
Unfruitfull plots, matches unfortunate,  
Nocturnall revellings intemperate,  
With millions of deceiving vanities,  
Throwne in our waies by Sathans treacheries ;  
Depriving men of rich celestiall joyes,  
For wretched hopes in momentary toyes.

Now being aspired to his utmost pride,  
Each full must have a wane, as ebb a tide,  
For having by a thousand subtile hookes,  
Squeezed for friends, scribled in mercers bookes,  
Perceiving his decay, they summon straight  
Their wits together, and doe lie in waite,  
(By the devils engines) to deprive him quite  
Both of his libertie, and his delight ;  
And ere hee can behold his wofull case,  
He is immured in some wretched place.  
This Butterfly, with all his garish tyre,  
Now melteth like the snow against the fire ;  
This Grashopper, that th'other day was seene,  
Capring within his curious silken greene,  
Singing shrill notes unto the summers praise,  
Never expected crabbed winter daies,  
Till chilling autumnne, with his falling leaves,  
Shrivels his body, and his hope deceives :

His silken garments, and his sattin robe,  
That hath so often visited the Globe,  
And all his spangled, rare, perfum'd attires,  
Which once so glistred in the torchy Fryers,  
Must to the broakers to compound his debt,  
Or else be pawned to procure him meate.  
Now debt on debt they doe accumulate,  
Upon his carefull body and estate ;  
Vowing revenge upon his carkasse there,  
Sorrowing onely that they did forbear  
So long a time, but now the very stones  
Will pittie him, before they heare his moanes.  
Nor are his creditors alone obdure,  
But even his copesmates, whom he thought so sure,  
Shall shrink like slimy snailles into the shell,  
Whilst he his plaints unto the walls doth tell,  
Whose friendship was ingendred by the sun,  
Reflecting on their base corruption.  
Nay, more—his bosome friends (whose neer relation  
Should ne'er admit of any separation,)  
Come slowly on, as sorry for his grieve,  
But have not wherewithall to yeeld reliefe.  
And as the nature of the world is such,  
To give the needlesse, and the needy grutch,  
So this dejected man, borne to this fate,  
(As if thereto hee were predestinate,)  
Is now deny'd, who in his prosperous dayes,  
Did winter them that winke at his decayes ;  
For now the equall Justice of the time,  
Requires each man to keepe within his clime ;  
For if hee straggle from his limits farre,  
(Except the guidance of some happy starre  
Doe rectifie his steps, restore his losse)  
He may perhaps come home by weeping crosse.

Now doth his soule begin to gather light,  
Which makes his understanding farre more bright ;  
Now doth the filme of his obscured soule  
Weare off, and manly reason doth controle  
The vagrant will and thirsting appetite,  
Yeelding unto the soule her due and right ;  
Now is his braine more solid and more dry,  
By apprehension of his miserie ;  
And not so apt to fancies wandering,  
That ne'er remaineth firme in anything.  
Now with his heart hee wisheth that hee had  
But two full yeares of those which were so bad ;  
But all too late, for time doth alwayes passe,  
But ne'er imployes a retrograding glasse.  
Now he commends the bee (though void [of] reason,)  
That hoards in summer for the winter season,  
Admiring much the fabricke of their cell,  
And how they fortifie that Cittadell :  
A wonder tis to see what they invent,  
Both for their lodging, food, and government ;  
For, as some grave philosophers have showne,  
Each bee eates nought but that which is her owne.  
O ! thinkes hee now, had I but kept my store,  
I needed not my carelesnesse deplore ;  
Or, had my younger daies afforded wit,  
To spend no more then what I now thinke fit ;  
Had no insinuating droanes come neere  
My plentious hive, I never had come here.

Another while he lookes upon the ant,  
Sees her great plenty, feelles his greater want,  
Admires her providence that laboured still  
Her winter barnes in summer time to fill.  
Wonder of nature, hater of all sloath,  
The most laborious, though of smallest growth !

Lastly, lookes backe, with a dejected eye,  
Upon his pampred daies, sports, libertie,  
His midnight revels, and abundant wine  
He sacrificed unto Bacchus shrine,  
His bowles of Nectar, fill'd up to the brim  
In which he to his marmosite did swim ;  
His oysters, lobstars, caviare, and crabs,  
With which he feasted his contagious drabs ;  
Oringoes, hartichoakes, potatoe pies,  
Provocatives unto their luxuries ;  
His musickes consort, and a cursed crue,  
That us'd to drinke, untill the ground look'd blew,  
'Mongst painted sepulchers, that love excesse,  
Who inwardly are full of rottennesse.

Thus, when he viewes with a more perfect sight,  
His shining morne turn'd to a gloomy night,  
And all his glory, pompe, and vaine expence,  
To have their due reward and recompence,  
Then, bursting forth with acclamation,  
He blames this wicked generation,  
Cursing his follies, and the subtle snares,  
That in his darknes caught him unawares,  
Being forced now thorow his owne decay,  
To wish the fragments, erst he threw away.  
To quench his thirst with that inebrious cup,  
Which indigested hee had belched up :  
As if the heavenly power had thus ordain'd  
Profuse expence should be with want restrain'd.  
And marke the unresisted hand of heaven,  
That whatsoever talent it hath given,  
Of wit or wealth, it is to some good end,  
To praise his God, or to relieve his friend :  
But he that still in idle waste is found,  
Is worse then hee that hid it in the ground.

I that have sense of blessings and of woe,  
 In my life's compasse yet did never know  
 An epicurious and disordred minde  
 Want his affliction in the selfe-same kinde;  
 For drunkennesse they thirsting have acquir'd,  
 And wanted meate, when they have much desir'd;  
 In stead of health, by fevers they shall melt;  
 Far wandring, want of liberty is felt.  
 Thus, every act hath its opposing ill,  
 Inflicted on it by the Highest will.

This Gallants circuit, and itineration,  
 Is almost finisht in a lower station,  
 Whose meagre body pinde away with griefe,  
 (For want of seasonable friends reliefe)  
 Howerly watcheth when the day shall come  
 To lay his body in an earthly tombe:  
 Yet oftentimes hope doth awake his spirit,  
 And tells him one day yet hee shall inherit  
 His freedome, and release; which being done,  
 Another course he doth intend to run,  
 So moderate and grave, that by the power  
 Of Him that sits in the immortall tower,  
 His second life hatcht by supernall fire,  
 Cooperating with a true desire  
 To rectifie his former follies past,  
 Shall make him shine a brighter star at last.

*Epilogue.*

You blyth yong rufflers that do looke so big,  
 Laugh at the precepts of this Whirligigg;  
 Mock on with safetie both yourselves and me,  
 Foster your pleasures whilst the golden tree  
 Beares fruit enough; glory in what you may,  
 Till lusty youth is vanished away;

Sport like the wanton flie about the light,  
 Untill your glorious wings be burned quite ;  
 Dance like the fish upon the gentle brooke,  
 Untill you swallow both the baite and hooke ;  
 Play with the pitfall till you unaware,  
 Are clapt up fast, or tangled in a snare ;  
 Doe what you please, no counsell Ile bestow  
 On those whose pregnant wits doe over-flow,  
 But leave them to the mercie of their fate,  
 To know themselves before it be too late,  
 For this by true experience I doe finde,  
 Misery, the salve to cure a haughty minde.  
 This epitaph if any doe deny,  
 May one day prove his weeping elegie.

Desine plura, puer, et quod nunc instat, agamus ;  
 Carmina tum, melius cum venerit ipse, canemus.<sup>1</sup>

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#### SECTION XV. THE DIGGERS OF WARWICKSHIRE.

The following curious paper appears to have been written early in the reign of James I., and seems worthy of preservation in connexion with a subject in which our great dramatist is supposed, with great probability, to have interested himself. The original is contained in MS. Harl. 787, art. 11.

##### *The Diggers of Warwickshire to all other Diggers.*

Louing friends and subjects, all under one renowned Prince, for whom we pray longe to continue in his most royall estate, to the subuerting of all those subjects, of what degree soeuer y<sup>t</sup> haue or would depriue his most true harted Comūnalty both from life and lyuinge. Wee, as members of y<sup>e</sup> whole, doe feelee y<sup>e</sup> smart of these ineroaching Tirants, w<sup>ch</sup> would grinde

<sup>1</sup> The words and phrases in this tract which require explanation will be found in my "Dictionary of Archaisms."



our flesh upon y<sup>e</sup> whetstone of pouerty, and make our loyall hearts to faint w<sup>th</sup> breathing, so y<sup>t</sup> they may dwell by themselves in y<sup>e</sup> midst of theyr heards of fatt weathers. It is not unknowne unto yo<sup>w</sup> selues y<sup>e</sup> reason why these mercyleless men doe resist w<sup>th</sup> force ag<sup>st</sup> our good intents. It is not for y<sup>e</sup> good of our most gracious soueraigne, whom we pray God y<sup>t</sup> longe he may reygne amongst us, neyther for y<sup>e</sup> benefitt of y<sup>e</sup> Communalty, but onely for theyr owne priuate gaine, for there is none of y<sup>em</sup> but doe taste y<sup>e</sup> sweetness of our wantes. They haue depopulated and ouerthrown whole townes, and made therof sheep pastures, nothing profitable for our Co<sup>m</sup>monwealth, ffor y<sup>e</sup> co<sup>m</sup>on ffields being layd open, would yeeld as much co<sup>m</sup>odity, besides y<sup>e</sup> increase of Corne, on w<sup>ch</sup> standes our life. But if it should please God to w<sup>th</sup>drawe his blessing in not prospering y<sup>e</sup> fruites of y<sup>e</sup> Earth but one yeare (w<sup>ch</sup> Godd forbidd) there would a worse, and more fearfull dearth happen then did in K. Ed. y<sup>e</sup> seconds tyme, when people were forced to eat Catts and doggs flesh, and women to eate theyr owne children. Much more wee could giue you to understand, but wee are perswaded y<sup>t</sup> you your selues feele a part of our greiuances, and therefore need not open y<sup>e</sup> matter any plainer. But if you happen to shew your force and might ag<sup>st</sup> us, wee for our partes neither respect life nor lyuinge; for better it were in such case wee manfully dye, then hereafter to be pined to death for want of y<sup>t</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> these deuouring encroachers do serue theyr fatt hogges and sheep withall. ffor God hath bestowed upon us most bountifull and innumerable blessings, and the cheifest is our most gracious and religious kinge, who doth and will glory in y<sup>e</sup> flourishing estate of his Co<sup>m</sup>munalty. And soe wee leaue you, co<sup>m</sup>ending you to y<sup>e</sup> sure hold and safeguard of y<sup>e</sup> mighty Jehoua, both now and euermore.

ffrom Hampton-field in hast :

Wee rest as poore Deluers and Daylabourers,  
for y<sup>e</sup> good of y<sup>e</sup> Co<sup>m</sup>monwelth till death.

A. B. C. D. &c.

## SECTION XVI. SEAL OF SIR THOMAS LUCY.

Thomas

Lucy

I am indebted to the liberality of the British Archæological Association for the accompanying copy of the autograph and seal of Sir Thomas Lucy, made by Mr. Fairholt, the accomplished artist of that society. Mr. Fairholt informs us that the original document is in the possession of Mr. Wheler, of Stratford-on-Avon; it is the presentation of the Rev. Richard Hill to the rectory of Hampton Lucy, in Warwickshire, in the gift of Sir Thomas, and is dated Oct. 8, 1586. Sir Thomas was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and then rebuilt the manor house of Charlecote, where his family had been seated since the days of Richard I. He is celebrated in connexion with Shakespeare and his early adventures; and the seal is interesting, as it displays the three white luces interlaced, which the dramatist is accused of ridiculing. Upon the vanes of the house at Charlecote they are also fancifully disposed, the three luces being interlaced between cross crosslets: an engraving of one of these vanes may be seen in Moule's *Heraldry of Fish*, p. 55, who says "the pike of the fishermen is the luce of heraldry; a name derived from the old French language *lus*, or from the Latin



*lucius* ; as a charge, it was very early used by heralds as a pun upon the name of Lucy.”

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SECTION XVII. THE PROPERTY OF THE SHAKESPEARES.

The following extracts are taken from a survey of Warwickshire, made in August, 4 James I.

*Manerium de Rowington.* Thomas Shackspeare clamavit tenere libere sibi et hæredibus suis per cartam datam xxviij. die Januarii, anno regni regis Henrici VIII. xiiij. unum messuagium et unam virgatam terræ in Losson End, et nuper Johannis Shackspeare, et ante Thomæ Cryar—viz. Domum mansionale, hortum, stabulum, pomarium, gardinum et *le backside*, in occupatione dicti Thomæ, continent : per æstimationem j. acram ; clausum pasturæ vocatum *le Longe feald*, per æstimationem vj. acras ; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Stockings*, per æstimationem vj. acras ; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Well Furlonge*, per æstimationem vj. acras ; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Redd Hill*, per æstimationem vj. acras ; clausum prati ibidem continent : per æstimationem vj. acras ; parvum clausum vocatum *le Kellings* per æstimationem j. acram. Ricardus Shackspeare tenet per copiam datam vij. die Octobris anno regni Elizabethæ reginæ secundo, unum messuagium et dimidium virgatæ terræ cum gardino, nuper Richardi Shackspeare patris sui et Shackspeares ex antiquo, viz. —domum mansionale iij. et dimid : spatiorum, hortum j. spatii, alium hortum j. spatii, et gardinum continent : per æstimationem j. rodum ; clausum terræ arabilis sive pasturæ vocatum *le Hilles*, continent : per æstimationem ix. acras et dimidium ; pratum vocatum *Poole Meadowe* continent : per æstimationem ij. acras ; ij. parcelas prati continent : per æstimationem j. acram, j. rodum. Richardus Shackspeare junior tenet per copiam datam xx. die Aprilis anno regni regis Jacobi Angliæ ijº. et Scotiæ 37º. unam parcellam terræ vocatam *the little yard*, cum domo superinde ædificiato, continent : per æstimationem

j. rodum. Johannes Shackspere tenet per copiam datam xvj. die Aprilis anno regni Elizabethæ reginæ xliij<sup>o</sup> unum cotagium et unam quartam partem virgatæ terræ et gardinum; nuper Richardi Shackspere patris sui et Shacksperes ex antiquo, viz. — domum mansionale ij. spatiorum, hortum ij. spatiorum, et dimid: unum stabulum j. spatii, continent: per æstimationem dimidium acræ; terras arrabiles sive pasturam vocatam *Little Spencers* continent: per æstimationem ij. acras; terras arrabiles sive pasturam vocatam *Great Spencers* continent: per æstimationem iij. acras; pratum inclusum continent: per æstimationem ij. acras.

*Mousley End.* Georgius Shackspere tenet per copiam datam xxv. die Octobris anno regni reginæ Elizabethæ xxxv. unum cotagium et duas croftas nuper Johannis Shackspere patris sui, et ante Johannis Shackspere avi sui, Shackspeares ex antiquo, viz. — Domum mansionale iij. spatiorum, hortum ij. spatiorum, pomarium, gardinum, et curtilagium, continent: per æstimationem ij. rodos; clausum pasturæ adjacentem vocatum *le Home-close* continent: per æstimationem j. acrum; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Longecrofte*, continent: per æstimationem j. acrum; communis pastura pro una bestia et v. ovibus; habenda ad usum prædicti Georgii Shackspeare, et Jane, uxoris ejus, et hæredum Georgii de corpore prædictæ Jane, &c.

*Lowston End.* Thomas Shackspeare senior tenet per copiam datam secundo die Junii anno regni reginæ Mariæ primo, unam croftam in Lowston-end nuper Reeves, viz. — unam croftam pasturæ sive arrabilis vocatam *Brochalle* per æstimationem vij. acras.

*Mowslee End.* Thomas Shackspeare senior tenet per copiam datam vj. die Aprilis anno regni Reginæ Elizabethæ xxxix. et per copiam datam xv. die Aprilis anno regni Reginæ Elizabethæ xliiij. unum messuagium et virgatam terræ cum pertinentibus in Mowslee-end, nuper Johannis Shackspeare patris sui; et ante Birdes, viz. — Domum mansionale iij. spatiorum, unum hortum iij. spatiorum, et alium hortum iij. spa-

tiorum, unum *le Carthouse* j. spatii, gardinum, pomarium et curtilagium, continent: per æstimationem ij. rodos; clausum pasturæ sive arrabilis adjacentem vocatum *le Home Close* per æstimationem vj. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *le Great Oxleasow*, per æstimationem vij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *le Little Oxleasow* per æstimationem iiij. acras; pratum vocatum *Oxleasow Meadowe* per æstimationem ij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Little Netherfeild* per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Great Netherfeild* per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Greate Hill* per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ vocatum *Little Hill* per æstimationem ij. acras.

*Kington.* Thomas Shackspeare tenet per copiam datam vicesimo die Octobris annis regnorum Philippi et Mariæ quinto et sexto, unum toftum et tres clausa pasturæ cum parte in Kyngton, nuper Willelmi Mathew et ante Johannis Mathew, viz. — unum hortum ij. spatiorum, continent: per estimat. long: xvj. ped. et lat. xvj. ped.; clausum pasturæ sive arr: vocatum Overkington per æstimationem iiij. acras; clausum pasturæ sive arrabilis vocatum *Netherkington* per æstimationem v. acras.

*Stratford super Avon.* Unfortunately, the entries for the name of William Shakespeare are left blank; and the only information we gather is, that he paid two shillings a-year for certain heriots or fines.

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#### SECTION XVIII. THESE KNIGHTS WILL HACK.

The following ballad, which is contained in MS. Addit. 5832, f. 205, affords a good illustration of the opinion of the commentators that a well-known passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* refers to the large number of knights made by James I. Mr. Hunter has printed another copy of it in his *History of Hallamshire*, but it has not yet been mentioned in connexion with this subject.

*Verses upon the order for making knights of such persons who  
had £40 per annum in King James I. time.*

Come all you farmers out of the countrey,  
Carters, plowmen, hedgers, and all,  
Tom, Dick, and Will, Raph, Roger, and Humfrey,  
Leave of your gestures rusticall:  
Bidd all your home-sponne russetts adue,  
And sute yourselves in fashions new:  
Honour invits you to delights:  
Come all to court and be made knights.

He that hath fortie pounds per annum  
Shalbe promoted from the plowe:  
His wife shall take the wall of her grannum,  
Honour is sould soe dog-cheap now.  
Though thou hast neither good birth nor breeding,  
If thou hast money, thou art sure of speeding.

Knighthood in old time was counted an honour,  
Which the best spiritts did not disdayne:  
But now it is us'd in soe base a manner,  
That it's noe creditt, but rather a staine:  
Tush, it's noe matter what people doe say,  
The name of a knight a whole village will sway!

Shepherds, leave singing your pastorall sonnetts,  
And to learne complements shew your endeavours:  
Cast of for ever your twoe shillinge<sup>1</sup> bonnetts,  
Cover your coxcombs with three pound beavers.  
Sell carte and tarrboxe new coaches to buy,  
Then, "good your worshipp," the vulgar will cry.

And thus unto worshipp being advanced,  
Keepe all your tenants in awe with your frownes;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hunter's copy reads *tenpenny*.

And lett your rents be yearly inhaunced,  
 To buy your new-moulded maddams<sup>1</sup> new gownes.  
 Joan, Sisse, and Nell, shalbe all ladified,  
 Instead of hay-carts, in coaches shall ryde.

Whatever you doe, have a care of expenses,  
 In hospitality doe not exceed :  
 Greatnes of followers belongeth to princes :  
 A coachman and footmen are all that you need :  
 And still observe this, let your servants meate lacke,  
 To keepe brave apparel upon your wives backe.

<sup>1</sup> "Great Ladyes," Mr. Hunter's MS. There are several variations in the two copies, and it should be observed that Mr. Hunter's is dated 1630, and is said to have been written "on account of King Charles the First raising money by knighthood." Mr. Hunter's MS. has also the following additional stanza:—

Now to conclude, and shutt up my sonnett,  
 Leave of the cart, whipp, hedge-bill and flaile,  
 This is my counsell, thinke well upon it,  
 Knighthood and honor are now putt to saile.  
 Then make haste quickly, and lett out your farmes,  
 And take my advise in blazing your armes.  
 Honor invites, &c.

THE END.

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PR            Marriage between Wit and Wisdom  
2411           The marriage of Wit and  
M35           Wisdom  
1846

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